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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

Vol. IX. No. 219 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

1910 AND ALL THAT

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 219 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Germans are complaining, we are told, that their policy is described by foreign critics as negative. "Negative," we agree, is not quite the right word for the series of challenges and threats to the world which issue week by week from Berlin. First the great conscript army; then an air force of formidable strength; now a navy that begins with a handful of submarines and will presently include, if we are to credit the reports in the *Giornale d'Italia*, more destroyers and cruisers and a couple of 20,000-ton battleships. Nor are these the only sinister developments. They are accompanied by an extension of Nazi gangsterism, in the shape of kidnappings and personal outrages in other people's countries, which is becoming an international scandal of a really serious character. The Jakob case has been followed within the last few days by another and even more brutal case of kidnapping in Czechoslovakia, by an attempted robbery and assault in the flat of a German in Geneva, by the "disappearance" during a visit to Germany of Mr. Rohme, an Austrian subject who has been living in London for the last twenty years and more. This blackguardism is not the violation of "unjust treaties"; it is an insolent attack on the principles of civilised life. It must be stopped, and we hope the British Government will give firm support to the Swiss and the Czechs in asserting the rights of States and of men.

Nazis, Jews and Christians

Meanwhile, within the Reich there is increased activity on the religious and racial fronts. Jews, it is stated by Dr. Frick, the Minister of the Interior, will in future be subjects and not citizens. However well-affected they may be to the regime, they (like other non-Aryans) will be allowed neither to vote nor to fight for Germany. As a minor indignity—and perhaps as a sign which good Aryans may read when they will—Jews are prohibited from displaying the German flag or the swastika on their houses, shops or offices. The offensive against the Christian Churches is also warming up. It is reported that no less than thirty-two of the Evangelical pastors who are opposing the Nazi Primate, Dr. Müller, have been put under arrest, and that twenty-two of them are actually in concentration camps. It looks as if these numbers will increase, for there is no sign that the Christian resistance to the "Pagan" attack is weakening. The Catholics have not yet come to this pass, but they have just had an ominous warning from Herr Rosenberg, the Nazi blasphemer whose books have been put on the index by the Vatican. And they are hit hard by the new law which aims at the complete Nazification of the press in Germany, and which incidentally prohibits newspapers supporting the Catholic or other confessions. The Papal Nuncio has protested against this; but it is doubtful whether he can save his papers from the general wreck of freedom.

Germany's Finances

Dr. Schacht has already raised the greater part of his projected fund of a milliard reichsmarks for subsidising German exports, and active steps are being taken to raise the remaining Rm.300,000,000, without which operations are apparently not to be begun. At present, this is being done mainly by "voluntary" levies on German business; but there is talk, should these fail, of special taxes on

public utility services, which would fall directly on the general body of consumers. The purpose of the proposed export subsidy is clear enough. Germany, despite the advance towards *Autarkie* in many directions, cannot carry on without increased imports. Rearmament demands the setting aside of large sums for materials imported on Government account; and the attempts to expand employment and domestic production involve a need for more raw materials of kinds which cannot be produced at all, or in sufficient quantities, at home. For example, the more livestock the Germans breed, the more feeding stuffs they have to import. In face of the fall of exports the Reichsbank has been hard put to it to find the necessary exchange; and the expansion of domestic employment has also strained its credit resources, and led to semi-inflationary measures. These Dr. Schacht seems now determined to check, and more and more warnings about the perils of inflation have been issued of late from the Reichsbank. There is a potential source of big troubles here; the Nazis dare not go back on their expansionist policy, but this is none too easy to reconcile with the additional strain which rearmament is putting upon the already straitened national finances.

President Roosevelt Veers Left

President Roosevelt denies that he has "moved to the Right." This was the burden of his "fireside talk" to the American people over the radio early this week. Whereas big business, on the plea that national recovery is at last at hand, is demanding to be let alone, Mr. Roosevelt is determined that Congress before it adjourns shall carry through his proposals for social security and economic reorganisation. In foreign policy also the President has taken an important step, by formally repudiating the generals and admirals who had been laying before the Senate Committee their plans for seizing and bombing the British and French West Indies, establishing bases along the Canadian frontier, and generally emulating the nationalistic posture of Herr Hitler and his military friends. In short, Mr. Roosevelt, faced with obstruction in Congress, opposition from big business, and military megalomania from his Service chiefs, has made a move to the Left, and reasserted the zeal of his reforming and pacific temperament. Congress, at the crack of the whip, will presumably make a somewhat improved speed in dealing with the Social Security Bill and the revision of the N.R.A.; and the generals and admirals will for a time pick their words with rather more care. But in the legislative field there are heavy arrears to be made up, and quick results are needed if Senator Huey Long and Father Coughlin are not to gain further ground.

South Africa's Native Policy

It is no mere coincidence that the South African Government have tabled their native policy on the morrow of the arrival of their Jubilee delegation in England. They want the native Protectorates, and they have been told that they must announce a native policy before the Protectorates can be transferred—so here it is. Apart from setting up a bogus Native Representative Council, whose advice the Government may or may not take, and whose membership is based upon chiefs and headmen looking to Government to secure their salaries, the Native Bills are notable for one thing. They are the first legislation ever proposed by a Government inside the British Commonwealth with the object of depriving a whole class of the franchise and the advantages of citizenship which flow from it. The Cape native franchise, which meant that at least thirteen members were returned to the South African Assembly pledged to fight for the native cause, is to be swept away. Instead, four Senators will sit in a Senate whose proceedings nobody ever reads or troubles about, and these four ineffectives will be elected by those natives whom the white Government of South Africa deign to nominate as representative of the 5,500,000 South African Bantu. But the natives are also promised more land—15,000,000 acres of it, two thirds the size of Natal. We should be very interested to know where this land is. Commissions have discussed the question again and again, and their most moderate recommendations have always come to nothing, so tenacious is the white man of his land. But if by this generous adding of nought to nought the S. African Government can secure the Protectorates, no doubt their land problem will be greatly simplified.

The Housing Bill Goes On

If minutes were houses, the Standing Committee of the House of Commons, which is considering the Housing Bill, would have gone a long way towards solving the problem. But a new clause moved by Mr. H. Williams—in itself a suspicious circumstance—might well have received more attention. It gives local authorities power to compensate retail shop-keepers in virtue of any decrease in the population of the locality brought about by the Bill. The Minister agreed to the amendment, and it now goes forward. It introduces a dangerous principle, for shop-keepers are only one among a number of classes who may suffer through decreased population. Moreover, a decrease in population is only one among many risks which shop-keepers have to take into account. There is no knowing where the principle may lead if pushed to its logical conclusion. What is certain is that authorities who use the powers now proposed will greatly increase the cost of rehousing. It is not surprising that at the Manchester Conference of the National Housing and Town Planning Council the clause met with strong criticism, as did the concessions made by Sir Hilton Young—against his first and better judgment—to the owners of property in slum areas. Sir Hilton Young's tame acceptance of the new clause looks very much like a piece of vote-catching, and the importance of the retail trader's vote certainly cannot be minimised. On the other hand, we can congratulate the Government on standing firm in the matter of inquiries into clearance orders. The Ministry is still to conduct such inquiries, and reports made to it may still be frank, because they will be confidential.

Post Office Gifts

Among the cash benefits of the Jubilee none will be more generally welcome than those which the Postmaster General announced this week. We are to have cheaper rates for telegrams, parcels and Empire post-cards, together with a large extension of telephones in the rural areas. The restoration of the penny letter, which we should have liked to see figuring in the list, is still a blessing that we may expect about the Greek Kalends. But the concessions which are promised will undoubtedly be a con-

siderable relief both to business, big and small, and to the general public. They are satisfactory, too, as showing the prosperous state of the Post Office under its active and efficient Minister. Sir Kingsley Wood has got an extra £34,000,000 to play with this year. Would that some other civil departments were on such amiable terms with the Treasury! The most striking of the reforms is, of course, the sixpenny telegram, and this experiment will be watched with particular interest. The telegraph service has been brought to a high pitch of technical development in recent years; but it has continued to lose heavily. The reduced rates are likely to increase that loss for a time, Sir Kingsley Wood thinks; it remains to be seen whether the telegram will in the long run regain the ground—or a substantial part of it—which it has inevitably lost to the telephone.

Employment

Employment was better last month by 120,000, and caps are in the air. The total number in employment last month was the highest yet recorded—higher than the peak of 1929. So far, so good; but the number of registered unemployed is still over two millions, and is only 100,000 smaller than it was a year ago. At this rate of improvement it would take twenty years to absorb the unemployed, and ten years to reduce the number to the million or so of the years before 1929. Still, there has been a more than seasonal improvement, fairly well spread over the great majority of industries. As compared with a year ago, coalmining showed a big advance, with engineering next, and shipbuilding and cotton both high up in the list. Building and steel were only a little better than a year ago; but they were both well on the up grade some time before that. On the whole, the figures show signs of a rise not only in domestic demand, but also in the export trades. There is also some fall in the number of those who have been chronically unemployed over a long consecutive period. We have still far to go, and the rate of advance is not rapid; for much of the improvement of the past two months has but counteracted a previous short-period decline. It is nevertheless reassuring that progress has continued, even at a slow pace; and the situation is one in which a more venturesome Government policy would be likely to achieve considerable results.

The Arms Inquiry Opens

Lord Cecil, who gave evidence for the League of Nations Union before the Royal Commission on the traffic in arms, presented an impressive resumé of the familiar case against private manufacture. He left the technical side to expert witnesses. The Chairman's questions showed that he at least understood the present Government's case against the abolition of private manufacture. He pressed for Lord Cecil's agreement that the only satisfactory solution of the problem would be an international solution, and that in view of the obvious difficulty of general international co-operation on the subject no national action was worth worrying about. To this argument, which has been stated before on a number of occasions by Lord Hailsham and Mr. Duff Cooper, Lord Cecil replied that, though international agreement was essential for a completely satisfactory solution, he believed many countries, including Germany, would be willing to nationalise and that in any case a British lead would be invaluable. He referred later to the equally abhorrent slave trade, where abolition had followed British initiative. Dame Rachel Crowdy's questions showed real concern about Great Britain's share in the responsibility of sending arms to Bolivia and Paraguay while they were at war, and she raised important questions about the relative merits of private and public ownership. Mr. Spender naturally wanted a definition of an armament firm; but in regard to the steel industry in this country he clearly had not realised that the steel used for armament production is already controlled by Messrs. Vickers through the English Steel Corporation.

The Zoo

Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell has made the London Zoo a great and popular institution and has realised and developed its scientific possibilities. But perhaps the greatest tribute to him is the unusual excellence of the staff. We know of no other Zoo where the keepers are so obviously intelligently fond of the animals in their charge. Where the London Zoo is behind is in its methods of housing animals. Even at Whipsnade, where everything is new and everything possible, some of the new enclosures are ludicrously old-fashioned and wrong from the point of view both of the animals and the public. In the new Zoo near Paris there is not a cage or a bar to be seen. Professor Julian Huxley, who has now officially taken charge, has made a tour of foreign Zoos and is alive to new possibilities. He is, of course, limited by finance; but we may hope to see great new developments both in London and at Whipsnade, and we should be able to boast before long that the British Zoo is as up to date in its methods of housing animals as it already is scientifically and humanely.

The Jubilee Gala

The word " gala " landed in England over three hundred years ago, but the type of celebration which it denotes remains alien to us. The chaotic and tawdry decorations which, with a few honourable exceptions, are garnishing London streets are indeed symbolic of our fundamental British dislike of any kind of planning. But the delight of the vast crowds in having anything new to look at is sociologically important; when a Socialist Government attains power it must remember the need not only for *panem* but for *circenses*. Our own Jubilee number is inevitably less jubilant than those of our contemporaries, but the general impression emerges that England twenty-five years ago in a boom was in many respects less civilised than England to-day in a depression. Low's cartoon sets us wondering which contemporary figures might, twenty-five years hence, be thought similarly representative of 1935? Instead of Low's picture of the young Lloyd George, shall we have Mr. Morrison or Sir Stafford Cripps? For Lord Lansdowne in his last ditch, Sir Oswald in his Italian suiting? For Northcliffe, Beaverbrook? For Lord Roberts, Lord Lloyd? For General Booth, Mr. Buchman? For Mrs. Pankhurst, Dr. Stopes? For Kipling, T. S. Eliot? For Shaw and Wells, Coward and Huxley? For Augustus John, Epstein? For Beerbohm Tree, Charles Laughton? No doubt distance lends enchantment to the view, but by comparison with the 1910 lot these contemporaries seem a rather light-weight crew.

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THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY

JOHN SMITH and Mary Jones, who are supposed to have the last word in the government of this country, are terribly ignorant of its history. And the war has broken that traditional continuity which might to some extent have served in the place of knowledge. If they are under thirty they have never known a time when the party system worked, when real issues were fought out in Parliament and when political methods were assumed to be sufficient to solve all problems. They do not remember the time when the position of the House of Lords and the functions of the Monarchy were matters of universal debate equal in news value to a murder or a cup-final. We are in danger of failing to make the best use of our Constitution because we do not realise the merits as well as the demerits of its elasticity. We may misunderstand the real importance of the Crown because we take its ceremonial value for granted and have no clear knowledge of the political functions it still possesses. Nearly seventy years ago Bagehot surprised his generation by telling them that the true importance of the Monarchy lay in that " magic," which aroused an instinctive loyalty that no President could hope to muster. He added that its constitutional functions had never been defined and that it was time a first-class lawyer told us what they were. No one has even yet defined the constitutional functions, but about the potency of the magic there is far less doubt than in Bagehot's day. During his lifetime the Prince Regent's carriage windows had been broken by a mob, the Queen had been hissed and insulted in public, the *Times* had written a funeral oration on a late King in terms which it would not now use about a dead Bolshevik. *Punch* had made ribald jokes about the Queen's confinement, and press attacks on Prince Albert had been so violent that the Queen had threatened to abdicate. As late as 1870 there was an active Republican group in England; Radicalism, and still more Socialism, automatically included Republicanism, and men like Dilke and Chamberlain openly stated their preference for a republican form of Government. If the degree of the Queen's obstruction of Mr. Gladstone had been known to the public Republicanism would have become practical politics. But it turned out otherwise. The Queen in her old age and King Edward after her brought the Monarchy to a pitch of popularity which it had not known for centuries, and that popularity has not diminished under King George V.

The reasons lie deep in the structure of society as well as in the tactful behaviour and the exemplary character of the present Royal Family. Most of the past attacks on the Monarchy were the result of a belief that the Crown was interfering with the working of democratic institutions; that it was intriguing against popular Ministers, " flouting the will of the people," as our fathers would have put it. In the eyes of the radical middle and working classes which achieved political liberty in the nineteenth century, Monarchy was an out-of-date institution which could be tolerated only so long as it was unhesitatingly obedient to the will of the majority in the House of Commons. It became popular when it was no longer believed to be capable of interference, and when Liberals and Radicals who had hated all hereditary institutions became more concerned about the new challenge to property from the working classes than about their ancient quarrel with the landed aristocracy. Disraeli's genius united the idea of Empire with the idea of Monarchy, and round their joint symbol gathered the hitherto disparate groups whose interests now seemed to lie in preserving the existing economic structure. Imperialism and the popular Monarchy grew side by side and blended, the propaganda value of the Monarchy enormously increased and the new commercial journalism converted it into dividends. For its part the Crown performed its role to perfection; it has made no slip to disturb the new alliance of the propertied classes nor to arouse the suspicion of the workers whose response to the personal glamour of the Monarchy is as ready as their interest in the Empire is perfunctory.

Occasionally some incident occurs which reminds us that, apart from its ceremonial functions and from that individual influence which the Monarch's experience must necessarily exercise over temporary Ministers, the Crown still possesses highly important constitutional powers. The decision that Mr. Baldwin and not Lord Curzon should be Prime Minister was the personal decision of the King. In the House of Lords struggle, which was brought to a temporary truce by the death of King Edward and the accession of the present King, it was a matter of grave importance that the Monarch insisted on a second election before consenting to create peers to force through the Parliament Act. In so doing, the Crown was no doubt acting within its constitutional powers. And although the inside story of the Liberal struggle with Ulster and with the Army over the Home Rule Bill in 1914 is still in some points obscure, no one now is likely to dispute the King's constitutional right to search for a compromise and to call the Buckingham Palace Conference. Throughout these controversies the essential fact was that the King was prepared in the last resort to act as his constitutional position demanded and to accept the advice of the Prime Minister. It was curious that Mr. Asquith, who had so skilfully found his way through the intricacies of the struggle with the House of Lords, and who had striven at all costs to avoid the danger that the King might appear to be acting as a partisan, should in 1924 have made a proposal which, if adopted, would certainly have dragged the Monarchy into the party arena. If the King had at that time refused Mr. MacDonald a dissolution and called on Mr. Asquith to form a Government, it would indeed have been better for the Labour Party, but disastrous for the Monarchy. On the last occasion when the Monarchy clearly played an important personal part it may reasonably be held that constitutional usage was seriously violated. But if this was so in 1931, the blame is Mr. MacDonald's, not the King's. It was a serious innovation for a Prime Minister who holds his position in virtue of the fact that he is leader of the largest party in the House of Commons, to form a new Government without the consent or even the knowledge of his own party. But for these discreditable manoeuvres it has never seemed to us that the King can be held responsible. Constitutionally, we must presume that he was taking his Prime Minister's advice.

From the House of Lords struggle and the Irish crisis which was averted by the far greater crisis of the war, the Crown emerged with enhanced prestige. But as we learn more of the inner history of this period we realise how

numerous and serious were the pitfalls which the Monarchy evaded and that the same dangers may only too easily be present again. In the first place, it is clear that Sir Stafford Cripps was justified in his badly phrased reference to the possible dangers of obstructive influence in Buckingham Palace circles. We need go no further afield than the highly illuminating journals of Lord Esher, who exercised more influence behind the scenes than any other man during the reign of Edward VII. In a series of letters—some of them to the King and others to Mr. Balfour who was then leader of the Opposition—we find Lord Esher throwing all his weight into the scales against the Liberal party, suggesting that the King should refuse the constitutional advice of his Prime Minister, and in one illuminating passage remarking that if the King were to agree to Mr. Asquith's request to create peers, "he mortally offends the whole Tory party to which he is naturally bound." Here is precisely the type of mentality with which Monarchy is so often surrounded, and which gives rise to the fear that the King, like the House of Lords, may, if he is not exceptionally wise and strong-minded, be used in a crisis as the tool of reaction. Greater still was the menace at the time of the Curragh mutiny. There is nothing to suggest that the King lent personal countenance to the treasonable intrigue of Conservative Ministers in Ulster or that he did anything to encourage the use of his name as an excuse for mutiny against his own Government. But the incident remains a warning that unscrupulous persons may appeal to the personal loyalty of soldiers and sailors to the Crown against the Government which represents the people whose servants the King, the Government and the Armed Forces alike must be.

As we review this story we see that the magic of Monarchy has steadily increased and that its constitutional functions have been judiciously used. The two aspects of Monarchy are not separate. Democracy is still very real in this country. Any attempt to exploit the name of the King in a new House of Lords struggle or in an open battle between economic classes would shatter the magic of Monarchy over-night and bring back the republican sentiment which to-day seems so safely dead. Because of the quiet development of the political and economic struggle in England and because of the prudent use made of the royal power, Great Britain is to-day amongst the few countries in Europe which retain a popular Monarchy. In countries such as Russia and Germany where the autocratic power of the Monarch was supposed to be firmly grounded in a common sentiment not far from worship, the Monarchy fell when it was tested, and fell so completely that no one ever dreams that all the king's horses and all the king's men can put it together again. The British Monarchy is far securer than that. Critics of "this King business" can, of course, protest that the Crown is a logical anomaly in a democratic state and acts as a focus of snobbery and privilege. But there is no present disposition to change an institution which is decorative and in many ways obviously convenient. It will remain secure and popular as long as it can contrive in the stormy days that are probably ahead in British politics to retain its political detachment. It may long escape the fate of other monarchies unless scheming men drag it from the safe atmosphere of magic into the grim reality of the class and party struggle.

AMERICA REVISITED—1935

THE best clue I can find to the complicated American situation is—Security. Individuals and classes have lost their sense of security, and are looking for it. Insecurity reflects lack of faith and, sometimes, lack of hope. Most Americans live, spend, save, study, marry under one sign—the uncertainty of the morrow.

The United States, two years ago, was ready for a saviour who would guarantee the future. Roosevelt offered himself, and millions accepted him. Now many of his supporters want new Messiahs, not because he has not achieved anything, but because he has not achieved enough to banish worry. Consciously or unconsciously, Americans know that the New Deal has not dealt with fundamentals. Plant, capacity, cash and men still remain unemployed, and the upturn of a month or a quarter is therefore not regarded as a harbinger of good times.

The panaceas to-day proposed by pretenders to power in the U.S.A. all seem to be based on the assumption that the economic trend will be downward. National planning, though impracticable in the present framework of society, was yet conceived as a progressive proposal; it is heard of less and less. The really popular movements call for sharing of the wealth, old age pensions, and the expulsion of the Government from business with the concomitant blessing of turning business back to the conservative Liberty Leaguers who started the mess in the first place.

Now no good American would favour sharing the wealth if he thought he would ever have to share his own. Senator Huey Long appears to be offering something for nothing; that is his appeal. His sharing scheme would ruin the producers of wealth and merely create temporary consumers. Even in America, where the majority is innocent of economic knowledge, such an idea could attract only those who had despaired of the normal method of enrichment through making new wealth and were consequently bent on dividing the old accumulations of others. Similarly the Townsend plan, for a Government grant of $200 a month to folks over sixty who must spend the money at home and immediately, is just another preposterous spend-the-country-out-of-the-depression programme, another suggestion for redistributing wealth. Why give it to people over sixty? Why not to the young and virile who might start life anew with these funds, go into business, and create values with them? The answer is illuminating: nobody wants, and the national economy could not stand, new values. We are busy destroying old values. We have too many values. We want to have less; we want to produce less; we want to slide downhill. Therein lies salvation. The entire conception of the New Deal, in fact, is destruction. Destruction in agriculture was directly subsidised, and when God came along with drought and dust storms He was only saving the Agricultural Adjustment Administration a lot of money. The effect of the N.R.A. has been to eliminate the small industrialist without over-stimulating the activity of the big one. The Government must spend because spending is a form of waste, creates a market, and checks disaffection. But let Washington try to engage in public works enterprises which produce saleable values, and the business men are at it in a pack. They rise up to defend their "liberties." Private business interests have as much money as the Government has allocated for national hypodermics. Those private interests, however, keep their resources locked up, because it would be uneconomical to apply them to productive purposes. Better if the State applies the taxpayers' resources to unproductive purposes.

Apart from destruction, the New Deal's greatest contribution to America's ideology is economic nationalism. This escape has every justification: foreign countries borrowed billions and do not pay; foreign countries do not want American goods unless America takes theirs, and America does not wish to; foreign countries are industrialising and reducing imports.

But the result is that American capital lies idle in bank vaults, and that American heavy industrial capacity, created on the assumption of large markets abroad, remains unemployed. Part of it may, in the end, have to be scrapped. More contraction!

In all these years of crisis and depression, no Brain Truster, no spokesman of business or the Government has advocated real expansion. The slogans are restriction and destruction. Meanwhile, the huge waste of unemployed factories, men and money knocks the legend of American efficiency into a cocked hat. For the efficiency of a system is measured not by its best plants or by its inventions, but by its net productivity over a long period which includes depression and war.

All these things—waste where high efficiency is possible, scarcity in the midst of plenty and of potentially greater plenty, and, above all, the helplessness of American brains in a crisis which has lasted over five years, all these things are undermining faith in capitalism. Some people still have a mystic assurance that somehow conditions will right themselves. How, nobody knows. Nor do many think that recovery will be achieved by deliberate administrative effort. Roosevelt's measures are coming to be regarded as a drug to keep the body alive until its own natural functions are restored to it. And the question on millions of lips is: Will they be restored? No longer does a prophecy of the doom of capitalism in America stamp one a Bolshevik. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace makes a speciality of such prophecies, and he adds: "The opportunities of the past are gone, and I think it a mistake to educate children as if such opportunities were still there." The youth in the universities knows this. It is about to graduate into a world that does not need it. Like Germany, America wants fewer educated and professional citizens. There are other backward tendencies too. Hundreds of thousands of city dwellers are returning to farms and ancient homes in the subsistence farm region. The Government has now undertaken to organise this "back to poverty" trend. One-sixth of our 120,000,000 inhabitants are on the relief rolls and some observers think there ought to be 40,000,000. Those 20,000,000 on the dole lend eager ear to any demagogy, and the more the demagogue promises the better they like him. Yet none of the demagogues has promised a New Canaan. He only promises manna in the wilderness. Actually, indeed, the economic improvement of the last two years confirms the pessimistic outlook. For when people see that rises in industrial activity and increases in corporate profits make little appreciable impression on unemployment and on general conditions they begin to fear that we are underestimating our difficulties.

This being so, supporters of the social *status quo* can only urge one to wait and see. In Washington confused observers feel that they are in a proper state of mind because their confusion mirrors the condition of the country. The valiant souls who do essay a defence of the system do so with their tongues in their cheeks. Sincere defence of the present set-up corrodes the intelligence.

The less confidence the capitalist class has in its wisdom the more fiercely it fights for its rights. This was an outstanding impression I gained in America: the capitalists have become very class conscious. An unprecedented sense of solidarity knits the business world together. It offers more resistance than ever to the slightest attempt to nibble at its prerogative. In legal cases that have arisen out of the N.R.A., companies not involved have volunteered aid to the party in the dispute whose victory would be a victory against Labour or Government interference. In strikes, business men outside the industry have helped the firm that refuses to meet its workers' demands. The capitalist class feels itself morally weak and consequently refuses to yield any ground. For retreat might become a rout. The big business community has recovered from the blow delivered by the closing of the banks which gave Roosevelt his initial advantage, and is giving battle to the Administration on every measure which threatens to infringe upon its rights. But the situation is not yet so tense nor the left opposition so serious as to warrant the capitalists in seeking support in Fascism. They are playing with the idea. There are elements of Fascism in Roosevelt's economy. But America is still in the pre-Fascist stage, and Huey Long, Father Coughlin, William R. Hearst, etc., are merely the "forerunners of Fascism." But under the influence of Hearst and of little local "Hearsts," of the American Legion, and of other patriotic societies, free speech is being suppressed, halls are denied to Radical and even Liberal speakers, State legislatures are adopting anti-Communist and anti-sedition laws, and civil liberties must fight for their life. The political atmosphere in America in these days is somewhat reminiscent of Germany in 1930.

In the polarisation of mental attitudes which America is witnessing, the Liberals are losing on the right to the Conservatives and on the left to the Radicals. And yet some clear-minded individuals in the capitalist ranks are commencing to doubt and to slough off illusions. The Liberals, therefore, are probably gaining as many adherents as they are losing, but the economic stakes of the new recruits are in capitalism.

When a nation is entertaining doubts, seeking light and suffering hardships, penetrating criticism of fundamentals is a real need. Even criticism from the extreme left is now a widespread pastime and "parlour Bolshevism" is in the ascendancy in America. Communism is making heavy inroads among the intelligentsia; John Strachey, the British Communist lecturer, became nothing less than a fad, for the American middle class apparently enjoyed being told—especially in an Oxford accent—that it was headed for ruin. Proletarian movements are for the first time offering writers, playwrights, etc., a paying market, and this is no mean consideration in times of distress. Established bourgeois dramatic reviewers agree that the Theatre Union and the Group Theatre, both Red, are the only new and positive development in the American theatre for years; it is a strange sensation indeed, on returning to the U.S.A. after two years' absence, to have the *Daily Worker* and *New Masses* thrust into one's face as one leaves a Broadway theatre. Radical books and pamphlets are selling better than ever before, and the *New Masses*, recently converted into a weekly, is both an ideological and a business challenge to its milder contemporaries. Intellectuals who are repelled by the left, yet cannot agree with the reactionaries, grope, grow bitter, turn inward upon themselves and write about chaos and death. The most stimulating intellectual life in the United States is to be found on the left. Here, too, there is a parallel with pre-Hitler days in Germany. The Nazis made no cultural contribution to the nation they wished to resurrect culturally.

There are, however, numerous differences between the Germany of 1930 and America in 1935. The United States has no large Communist party, no powerful Socialist movement, no Trade Unions embracing the majority of the working class. It is one thing to "agree in principle" with the Communists. It is quite another to subject oneself to the inconvenience and discipline which the Communist party imposes. Often the Communists-in-principle rationalise this attitude by emphasising the crudeness of Communist methods, the party's lack of independence, etc. The real reason, nevertheless, is that Communist enrolment means hard work, hardships, perhaps the loss of one's job—and all for a revolution that is not in the offing. On the fringe of the American Communist party stands many a Red intellectual. Some enter. Most merely avow their sympathy. But revolution seems to be much more popular among the intelligentsia than the proletariat. The mistakes which the Communists have made in the Trade Union movement—dual unionism, for instance—have prevented them from winning over large sections of the workers. Events, of course, move quickly, and alignments may change, but it will be a long time, probably, before the proletariat becomes a menace to American capitalism. The capitalists are denied even this excuse for putting their house in order.

New York. LOUIS FISCHER

April, 1935.

A LONDON DIARY

THE betting is once more on a general election in the autumn. In any case, there is to be Cabinet reconstruction after the Jubilee. Mr. MacDonald is presumably to go to the Lords and Mr. Baldwin, who is the Mr. Asquith of our generation—the decent Liberal leader—will almost certainly be Prime Minister. The odds, I think, are on the inclusion of Mr. Lloyd George. He may find himself tempted after his confidential talks with the Cabinet this week to join with something less than the complete acceptance of his home programme which he at first laid down as an absolute condition. For the dominant issue and the cause of division in the Cabinet is to an increasing extent not domestic but foreign. Mr. MacDonald's article in the *News-Letter* reads to me as if directed less to Hitler than to Lord Hailsham and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who are said to be the exponents of armed and splendid isolation in the Cabinet.

* * *

The split developed after the Eden-Simon visit to Germany. Hitler, I gather, really shocked the British Ministers by his completely pre-war mentality. He took a European war for granted and merely tried the old pre-war German dodge of trying to persuade England that her interests were German rather than French and Russian. Eden came back from Moscow a hundred per cent. pro-collective security. His illness was and is real—but it was also very convenient for the Cabinet. He almost certainly wanted to take too strong a line for them. So MacDonald and Simon (who does not yet seem to have any policy) went to Stresa and left him behind. Everything that Hitler does now increases the split. The thing the Cabinet agree upon is the need for more armaments—which is idiotic. For isolated armaments are useless from any point of view. If we are standing up to Germany with Russia, Italy, France and the smaller Powers the first thing to do is to regard all their armaments as a single unit and openly say just what our contribution to this joint police armament—above all, police air force—is. As it is, the grave danger is of drifting into the pre-war situation in which we are not committed openly but are committed in fact. Collective security is merely a farce unless we can trust our nominal friends enough to pool forces with them and make our whole resources into an international police force.

* * *

Even patriotic generosity is beset with difficulties. By way of contributing to the Jubilee, a municipal worthy in the West of England has arranged to have an ox roasted in traditional style. The flesh is to be free to all who come bringing plates with them. No sooner was this proposal announced than he received a telegram from a vegetarian society protesting that he was maltreating a dumb animal, causing offence to His Majesty's Hindu subjects and generally outraging humanity. His reply was to this effect: "I strongly resent your uncalled-for advice about how I should spend my money. I do not see any difference between the roasting of a dead animal whole on the village green and the roasting of thousands of dead animals every day in sections in individual ovens. If the former gives offence to His Majesty's subjects in India, why not the latter? I have not seen fit to decree that you should not roast a potato, whole, in Hyde Park in honour of the Jubilee; why should you attempt to stop my roasting an ox?"

* * *

This on first-hand authority. I also hear from a less reliable source that in some parts of Scotland there is a dearth of local wood for Jubilee beacons. Debate now rages whether it is more proper to burn Russian wood as a token of disrespect to the Soviet regime or to burn Empire wood as a sign of proper Imperial sentiment.

* * *

I wrote some time ago asking why the Labour Party did not produce modern pamphlets employing new printing technique and appealing directly to the middle classes. I am glad to see that Transport House has made a start in this direction. *The Position of the Middle-class Worker in the Transition to Socialism*, by Lawrence Benjamin (Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1, 2*d*.) is, I hope, only the first of such pamphlets. It is well produced, with a few very clear statistics, some of them of the Viennese pictorial type. It is sensibly informative and, for a political tract, not absurdly optimistic. It is based on the fact of the present waste of capitalism and is designed to show that the Labour programme, so far from threatening the property of the "small man," should, in fact, mean an increase in his effective wealth. Hitherto the running in Socialist pamphleteering has been largely left to the New Fabian Research Bureau which has recently published a number of excellent studies of various aspects of Socialist policy. A particularly brilliant one is entitled *Why the U.S.S.R. Joined the League*, with an introduction by Hugh Dalton.

* * *

A friend reports to me a mild but reasonable grouse against the Southern Railway. He complains that on the Saturday before Easter he attempted to board the 3 p.m. Victoria–Brighton (all-Pullman) train and was refused admission at the barrier. He writes: "The inspector on duty declared that the train is advertised as a 'limited' train and was full. In the time-table there is an 'l' after the advertised time of departure, which indicates 'first and third class Pullmans only.' There is nothing to warn the intending traveller, who may have timed an important engagement relying on his ability to use that train, that he may be refused access to it. It means, in fact, that at crowded periods this train and others like it are not to be relied upon as part of the regular service. And if they *are* limited trains, and one pays the supplement to use them, surely one is entitled to expect a comfortable journey? But listen. The other evening I had occasion to take the 7 p.m. all-Pullman (if I hadn't done so I should have had to wait an hour for the next fast train and missed my engagement). The train was composed of ten Pullman coaches. When I arrived, the five nearest the barrier were fuller than is comfortable for a tired man at the end of a working day. Accordingly, I sought one of the remaining five, but was refused entry. They were all closed and in darkness. And so the train travelled to Brighton, with five 'luxury' coaches very full and five 'luxury' coaches closed and empty. Does the Pullman Company call this the kind of service a passenger has a right to expect if he pays extra?

* * *

A very well-informed French friend tells me that the only thing that prevents Fascism from becoming imminently dangerous in France is that the Fascist groups are all at odds with each other. Colonel De La Rocque's movement is an unpleasant affair. He is an immense success with the well-to-do. He descends upon a town and addresses a large audience with all the motors of the district drawn up outside the hall. Then he goes away leaving nothing very obvious behind. He claims, however, a rapid increase in the membership of *La Croix de Feu*. The royalist *Action Française* is also as active as ever. You can see VIVE LE ROI written up on innumerable walls. The Left come along and add a "U" and an "E," so that it reads VIVE LEUR OIE.

* * *

Apropos of the correspondence about hospitals in this journal, the relatives of a distinguished old gentleman tell me the following incident. A few weeks ago the old gentleman had a serious illness and went to bed in his own house. A hospital nurse was called in to look after him at night. He had great difficulty in sleeping but finally got off in the early morning. The nurse carefully *woke him up in his own bed in his own home at 6 a.m. in order to wash him.* This incident sounds almost incredible until one realises that this nurse had been elaborately drilled into the belief that all patients must be washed in the early morning and that it was the duty of a night nurse to have completed a certain routine before the day staff came on duty. The habit survived even in the case of a private patient.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. P. Murphy.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

It is nearly 550 years since the tomb was built, yet it could scarcely be more beautiful if it had been made last week.—*Sunday Express.*

It is reported that two "unknown boys" are to be given a place of prominence in the Jubilee Procession. Is it possible that two "unknown girls" are not to be included? If such is the decision, I think it is one against which every British woman and girl should protest.—Letter to the *Star.*

A blind man was yesterday chosen by the Cressing Silver Jubilee Committee to be the judge of a women's ankle competition.—*Glasgow Daily Record.*

About thirty City workers who were waiting on Hassocks (Sussex) Station to-day saw their usual train pass through at about 40 m.p.h. The driver of the 7.19 a.m. from Brighton to London Bridge had forgotten to stop. He stopped the train about 100 yards beyond the station. The driver was not able to reverse his train as a form has to be filled in before this can be done. A porter ran to the nearest signal-box for the necessary form, but by the time he obtained it an official had decided that the train should continue on its way.—*Evening Standard.*

STODMARSH WOODS
TO-DAY AT 2.30
RETURN FARE 1s. 6d.
COME AND PICK THE BLUEBELLS
—Advertisement for a char-a-banc trip seen at Ramsgate

A primitive tribe, long notorious for their cattle-stealing habits in the Punjab, have made their grand gesture in honour of the Jubilee. The Commissioner, Mr. C. C. Garbett, appealed to them to abandon their evil manner of life, and in response 100 tribesmen have undertaken to steal no cattle throughout the Jubilee year.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A curious method of honouring the Jubilee has been adopted at Southport. The magistrates there have decided that during the celebrations children over 14 shall be allowed to see films licensed for adults only.—*Evening Standard.*

The Pope to-day praised the British Sabbath. Addressing a youth organisation here, he said: "If a great country like England, although not Catholic, enjoys greater prosperity than other nations, it is perhaps due to the great respect paid there to the observance of the Sabbath."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

"He did not appear to be normal," continued the coroner. "He spent a lot of his time writing poetry."—*Evening Standard.*

BEFORE THE JUGOSLAV ELECTIONS

II.—CROATIA AND SLOVENIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THOUGH Serbo-Croat is one language, and though Serbs and Croats are inextricably entangled in Bosnia and South Dalmatia, Croatia has a history all her own. While Belgrade seems an overgrown, a bloated, village with one graceful building (and that a Turkish house) to its credit, Croatian Zagreb, like Slovenian Ljubljana, bears all the marks of Central European civilisation. Before the war Croatia had an unevenly respected autonomy within the administrative area of Hungary, but it is her four-century connection with the Habsburgs which has left its mark. It is this which the Serbs find so hard to forgive, and the more the policy of Vienna depends upon Rome, the more they accuse the Croats of plotting with Quirinal, Vatican and a pseudo-legitimist Ballplatz to bring about the disintegration of Jugoslavia. But it is Belgrade centralism alone which has shaken the loyalty of Croatia. If to-day one asks a Croat whether he would wish to return to Habsburg allegiance, he will tell one that such a thing is only now beginning to become remotely thinkable, thanks to Serb oppression. Nor is there anything pro-Italian about the bitterest Croats I have met—as good Dalmatians, they perhaps outdo the Serbs in hating Italy.

But the Croats are profoundly embittered by their feeling that they were tricked into a centralised State when they had wished for federal autonomy from the beginning. They have been embittered by the influx of Serb officials, and perhaps most of all by the influx of Serb schoolmasters—with their Cyrillic script and Erastian orthodoxy—and the eviction of Croat teachers in spite of the incontestable fact that Croatia is more civilised than Serbia. The Croats are embittered, too, by the suspicion shown towards their Catholic religion and the Belgrade failure to fix up a much-needed Concordat.

The big majority of the Croats, like that of the Serbs, is peasant; while the Serb peasant is a democrat in the sense that he expects to take the law into his own hands every now and then, the Croat peasantry are good passive resisters who detest physical violence. In 1928, Stepan Raditch, the political leader of the Croatian peasants, famous for the brilliance of his personality, was shot down in—of all places—the Skupstchina. Less than a year later, a royal dictatorship based upon arbitrary police terrorism was established. Let no one suppose that the things once done in the name of religion were more grim than those now done in the name of nationalism. A Croat flag or a photograph of Matchek may cost its owner dear. The police take trouble to avoid the permanent marking of their victims' bodies, they truss men up in painful attitudes and have devised several new forms of torture; there were deaths in the affair at Brod not long ago. One of the most startling sights of Zagreb is, however, a highbrow bookshop just off the Jelachitch Square, for it is kept by no one less than Madame Raditch and her daughters. This family is indeed remarkable, so near the peasants, and with something of the unsophisticated intellectualism of the miner's children and their friends in *Sons and Lovers*. For three and a half years after her husband's death, Madame Raditch was dogged by police agents for every minute of the day. I can imagine no more ignominious task than to attempt to exercise police authority over this woman, to feel the hatred of the people and to be withered up by her own proud contempt. Her daughters have the softer charm of their murdered father, whose photographs defiantly cram the walls of the bookshop.

Six years after Raditch died, King Alexander "the Unifier" was murdered at Marseilles. If you ask a Slovene, "Were the people really so shattered as we heard?" as likely as not an eloquent grin will spread slowly over his face. If you ask that question in Croatia, no one will smile; you will hear the people were afraid of what was to come next, but you may hear of men who drank all night for joy. And when the tumult had subsided, leaders like Dragoljub Jovanovitch could be heard to say, "Let Alexander's death atone for Raditch. Let us now hail a new era and found a Serbo-Croat opposition to fight for political and social justice within the framework of the Jugoslav State." With Matchek's consent to head the "Unified Opposition" list, this policy was launched. The difficulties which block its path seem almost overwhelming. The Serb peasants, if they know Matchek's name at all, know it as the name of an enemy; for this reason some people say a Serb name should have headed the opposition list. But then the Croats would have been repelled, and Matchek, as Raditch's successor, means so much to them; in his own view, the supporters of the old Raditch Peasants' Party have quite definitely increased since the dictatorship.

Matchek is upright and devoted, but he is a little parochially Croatian. This means that the opposition in Serbia and Croatia do not work closely enough together. It has also cost the opposition the support of the biggest party in Slovenia,

the Slovene Clericals. These are Father Koroshetz's people, and they are technically abstaining in the May 5th election, though some will vote for Matchek when the time comes. Slovenia is the northern province of Jugoslavia and the Slovenes are more taken up with the hardships of their brother Slovenes in Italy and Austria than with the oppression of Belgrade. Having a separate language, it is more difficult for the Serbs to interfere with them. Slovenia is the industrial portion of Jugoslavia, that is to say, only 60 per cent. of the Slovene population is peasant. Though Trade Unions are allowed, they are extremely weak and wages are fantastically low when they are paid at all, for it is always possible to get blackleg peasant labour; only printers, it seems, can defend themselves in Jugoslavia. There is, of course, no dole, but there is at present a great deal of talk about public works, and in Slovenia these are already in progress. The Slovenes have the advantage of being a little above the Serbo-Croat battle. They complain, of course, of how much money goes to Belgrade and how little comes back, but they are not haunted by the Croat notion that they are fleeced to pay for an army they do not want and a Cheka which torments them. The Slovenes, moreover, have been allowed to keep their administrative integrity, for the Dravska Banovina coincides pretty exactly with Slovenia. One of the bitterest Croat complaints is that the Banovinas were designed to chop up Croatia; for Zagreb is the capital of the Savska Banovina and Split the capital of the Dalmatian division, and the Croats are as divided as in Habsburg days. Feeling runs every bit as high against Belgrade in Split as in Zagreb now. The citizens of Dubrovnik (Ragusa) in Southern Dalmatia are cut off in yet another Banovina, and those who know both towns can judge the feelings of the Ragusans since they have been placed under the administrative tutelage of Cetinje! In the schools of ancient Ragusa, the native schoolmasters have been almost completely driven out. It is a genuine grief to the Croats that in many places there are still no schools, though Croat schoolmasters are unemployed. For the Croat peasant really cares about the education of his children; I heard the other day from an ex-Governor of one of the Croatian Banovinas how the peasants contributed eagerly for the schools he was able to build.

And now what will be the upshot of the present situation? In Croatia the peasants are such Matchekians that the open vote almost helps the opposition list. In Serbia this is far from being the case, and it has seemed of late as if Croatia were receiving a little more freedom while Serbia is kept in tighter chains. It is thought that the Government would prefer to see a big opposition vote in Croatia while taking every step to black out the opposition vote in Serbia; it would then be possible to proclaim that, of course, loyal Serbia is against the separatist traitor Matchek. Experienced observers consider that, at most, 30 per cent. of the people genuinely support the present regime, and, since Hodzera's Popular Party List has been disallowed, its supporters are to vote for Matchek, too. Of course, the Government can doctor the votes as it likes, but it is very generally believed that the Jevtitch Cabinet is too weak to stay, and that a military dictatorship under General Zhivkovitch will replace it. Most people would welcome this, for they believe that only the military can hold the police in check. Zhivkovitch, moreover, is thought by some to see the necessity for the conciliation of Croatia; others shake their heads and point to the recent calling up of many Matchek voters to do service in the army (soldiers may not vote) until May 6th. The Government, if the election is not at the last moment called off, will certainly secure its majority, and this, by the electoral law of the dictatorship, provides it with 60 per cent. of the seats of the Skupstchina, plus, if it has secured, say, x per cent. of the votes, x per cent. of the remaining 40 per cent.! The best hope of the "Unified Opposition" is to push a mere handful of their strongest people into the new House.

The farther future is obscure. Jugoslav optimists believe that the country is but suffering the growing pains of a sixteen-year-old State. In the universities of Belgrade, Zagreb and Ljubljana, people wait impatiently for the revolution to sweep away the last remnants of a corrupt authority which exploits the natural irritation between the Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes.

Ljubljana, April, 1935

PLEASURES SINCE 1910

THOSE who live outside the distressed areas would probably say that the most conspicuous change that has taken place during the past twenty-five years is to be seen in the increase of leisure and pleasure. Those who work have more holidays and have more ways of amusing themselves than their fathers and mothers had. The development of the motor car, the cinema, and wireless has profoundly altered the life of the Englishman outside business hours. As a result of the cheapening of motor transport the man who once took a quiet stroll in his own neighbourhood on Sunday now spends the day hurrying about the country from place to place: Sunday is no longer a day of rest but a day of restlessness. To satisfy the craving for amusement, restaurants have sprung up along the by-passes, with swimming pools and dancing halls attached to them. It is as though the night club had invaded the countryside.

Philosophers will probably differ on the question whether human beings are happier as a result of enjoying themselves more. But the ordinary man will find it difficult to see a mob of youths and maidens plunging from the bank into the river on a Sunday afternoon in midsummer and not to believe that they are happy. The scene, it must be admitted, is one that would have shocked many people even in King Edward's time. "England," said an old-fashioned observer recently, noting how comparatively naked the women bathers had become since the days of his youth, "has gone South Sea Island." But the protesters against mixed bathing and the area of bathing costumes have all but thrown up the sponge. As a result, "the river," which was sinking into somnolence in King Edward's reign, has sprung into life again in the reign of King George. Young England has taken to the water as never before, and Lansbury's Lido is a symbol of the vast extension in modern times of this ancient pleasure.

It is open to question whether the new generation owes more of its happiness to the invention of new pleasures or to the popularisation of the old. Has the new pleasure of motoring increased human enjoyment more than the spread of the old pleasure of dancing? England, I imagine, during the war became more dance-crazy than she had ever been in her previous history. Old men and elderly women began to hop about the floors, as though they had drunk at the fountain of youth. One of the great discoveries of the last twenty-five years indeed, was that it is possible to remain young till seventy. It was an age during which it was almost possible to mistake a grandmother for her granddaughter. Modern youth said some harsh things about the old, but the old insisted on treating modern youth—except when they painted or wrote—as equals. They imitated modern youth in the cut of their hair and in their clothes. Lord Baden-Powell in the costume of a Boy Scout was a symbolic figure of his generation.

Youth and age still take an occasional fling at each other in the correspondence columns of the newspapers, but there is no doubt that there is more equality between them to-day than there was twenty-five years ago. The spirit of equality, indeed, though it has still many more worlds to conquer, has been the creative spirit of the age. Sex equality has made such advances that men have begun to tremble apprehensively at its encroachments on their lives. Even their clubs are no longer safe from the invasion of equalitarian women. The music halls, which were once more or less free from the presence of respectable women, are now the resorts of the wives of Presbyterian elders and their families. The public house is no longer the safe home from home that it used to be for

many a tired business-man. It is still mainly a haunt of men, but the number of women to be seen smoking and drinking there has been steadily increasing. Men did not realise it, but the first woman who smoked a cigarette in public pronounced the doom of the domination of the male sex.

Equality has increased, however, not only between youth and age and between the sexes, but between class and class. For one thing, the classes feel more equal, even while gross inequalities of income still exist. I heard a Tory complaining recently that the police are not so polite as they used to be, and that they are more reluctant to call you "Sir." But, if the use of "Sir" is declining, this is not necessarily a mark of growing impoliteness, but is evidence rather of a growth of the sense of human equality. This sense has been increasingly expressed during the present reign in people's clothes. The classes dress much more alike than in Victorian and Edwardian days. The mill-girl no longer is content with her picturesque shawl, but studies the fashion pages of the newspapers and takes hints on dress from the West End. The discovery of new and cheap clothing materials may not enable the shop-girl to rival the best-dressed woman in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, but she comes a great deal nearer the Royal Enclosure standard than her mother or grandmother did. Some people once thought that, when women got the vote, they would cease to be slaves of fashion; but, in point of fact, since the coming of women's suffrage, fashion has renewed its strength and spread its tyranny through large new sections of the community.

Judging by the amount of money people nowadays spend on show and pleasure, one sometimes wonders whether the old desire to save money has disappeared and whether most human beings are not now living up to their last penny, if not beyond it. It would not have been astonishing if, in a chaotic world, men had become reckless and had decided to have as good—which means "as expensive"—a time as possible before the arrival of the deluge. Statistics, however, apparently prove that the thrifty people are as thrifty as ever, and that it is possible for a nation to spend money extravagantly and to save it at the same time. I confess I do not know how this is done. But, bad as times are, more and more people buy better and better motor cars, the restaurants are crowded, and so are the racecourses, the football grounds and the boxing shows. It is said that the rich are saving a little on theatres and pictures, but it can be only a very little. On the other hand, the comparatively poor go on pleasure cruises, and one has only to visit Hampstead Heath or a Brighton pier on a Bank Holiday to see how lavishly the proletariat circulates its money when it has a chance. The passion for spending money on automatic machines is universal, and an earnest-looking father of a family will pour out money like water on semi-gambling games in the hope of winning a prize not worth sixpence-halfpenny.

It sounds as though this were a wild age, an age wild almost to the point of decadence; and yet, in some respects, it must be one of the soberest ages in history. The motor car has proved to be the enemy of drunkenness almost as much as the high price of liquor. Even the corruption of society by the cocktail party has done little to stem the rising tide of sobriety. The public houses now find it necessary to lure customers to their counters with snacks and games. Many a public house, where the choice spirits of the neighbourhood used to be content with drink and conversation, is now compelled to provide a shove-halfpenny board, a darts board, and a Corinthian or bagatelle table for its patrons in order to avoid bankruptcy. So much has the habit of drinking declined that the publicans themselves are now terrified by any proposal to keep their idle taverns open all day long.

Which of these changes are for the better I cannot tell you. I regret—sentimentally—the disappearance of the hansom cab, and, however necessary it may have been, I can feel no enthusiasm over the enormous reduction in the number of perambulators. I welcome the decline of the stiff collar, but the free costume of the hiker does not rouse me to lyric raptures. I enjoy the cinema, but not if it is to flourish at the expense of the theatre. I like wireless, but sometimes wish I had the moral strength to turn it off and read in peace. On the whole, I preferred the country before it had broken out into a rash of villas. Novels I read with more pleasure before the novelists had abandoned the fiction of life for the facts of life. I like the churches to be full rather than empty, even though, as the summoning bell rings, I myself may be lying in bed reading the Sunday newspapers. At the same time, there must be something to be said for an age that has seen such an increase of leisure and pleasure. If we still do not live very intelligently that, after all, does not differentiate us much from the generation who flourished in 1910. Y. Y.

Correspondence

LIBERALISM AND LABOUR

SIR,—In his letter last week Lord Lothian offers the Labour Movement the dilemma of accepting either Communism or something which he calls the form of Socialism for which Liberals stand. He does not understand the Socialist criticism of modern society and the real problem to be solved. He considers that the problem is to bring about a large and universal rise in the standard of living of mankind. To us this is not an end but a means. We desire a classless society wherein communal provision for the material basis of life enables the individual in society to attain freedom and to develop his personality. The idea that the individual can realise these things by the possession of private capital is a relic of Victorian middle-class individualism. It is part of the same mentality which believes with Lord Lothian that price in the market is a kind of self-acting mechanism which will secure economic well-being without conscious direction.

Before coming to his main contention, Lord Lothian deals with two points. He denies that capitalism is the main cause of war. He alleges that capitalism does not produce war in the State and that therefore it would not do so in a World State. But this is precisely what capitalism does. He sees the evil of international anarchy wherein States claim the absolute right to do what they will. He fails to see that capitalism involves exactly the same claim. The danger of the present situation is that capitalists use the power of the State for their acquisitive desires. Lord Lothian supports a political world commonwealth, but fails to see that political peace is incompatible with economic warfare. The Socialist World Commonwealth involves economic as well as political internationalism.

This absorption in the political aspect leads Lord Lothian to attribute our troubles to tariffs and restrictions and to see salvation in free exchange and the gospel of cheapness. He ignores the vital point of the distribution of purchasing power. The root trouble to-day is that capitalism cannot of its very nature distribute purchasing power. During the nineteenth century it only managed to continue by a process of lending on the part of capitalists. A breakdown was inevitable sooner or later through the inability of the borrowers to pay interest. The catastrophic fall of prices after the war only hastened this nemesis of usury.

Lord Lothian invokes the authority of Lenin to show the impossibility of gradualist Socialism. He seems to use gradualism in two senses, one as the opposite of catastrophic change, the other as the democratic as opposed to the autocratic method of Government. It is dangerous to draw conclusions as to what can or cannot be done in a developed western civilisation by analogy from the conditions obtained in a huge undeveloped country of illiterate peasants at the end of a disastrous war. Gradualism in the MacDonald sense is impossible, but this does not mean that a progressive change of system cannot be carried through without resorting to dictatorship. Lord Lothian puts forward four main reasons to show that a policy of progressive socialisation would not work. He says nationalisation of railways or coal would not give more employment. No one suggests that it would. Nationalisation of basic industries is necessary for economic planning. This would, he says, discourage other enterprises. Why? Railway nationalisation has not had this effect elsewhere. He then deals with banking and credit, showing an entire misconception of the realities underlying the forms of business organisation. He says that a nationalised bank which lent money to a non-creditworthy person would go bankrupt.

Why? The private banks lent and lost their depositors' money to native rascals like Hatry and to foreign borrowers, but managed to carry on.

He suggests that compensation to the owners of nationalised industries will inevitably mean bankruptcy. Why? The Telephone Service, the London Transport undertakings and dozens of public utilities have been taken over without this result. Even supposing a loss in any industry, it would not mean bankruptcy. The present Government has subsidised from public funds the farmers, shipowners and other derelicts of private enterprise. Lord Lothian does not realise that a State can only go bankrupt when it cannot pay its external debts. All internal indebtedness is only a matter of adjustment between various groups of citizens. If the community allows the royalty owners to receive £5,000,000 a year, that amount can be extracted from the miners or the coal consumers. If mining royalties were nationalised they might be paid in the same way or from taxes. It would not alter the fact that a certain number of persons had the right to receive money without working for it from the product of the labours of the rest of the community. The real wealth is the coal raised.

His final point is childish, except that it gives him the opportunity of misrepresenting Sir Stafford Cripps. No one suggests that the day-to-day running of nationalised industries should be carried out by Parliament. Every administrator knows the difference between control of general policy and control of detail. If Lord Lothian will consider how little parliamentary time is occupied in running the great variety of State undertakings already in existence, he will see the point.

Lord Lothian rightly thinks that Socialists wish to plan the economic life of the country and that they will work for the elimination of rent, interest and profit. He rightly insists on the importance of consumption, but misses the point. In planning the economic life of the country, it is vital to know what kind of community you desire. The distribution of purchasing power necessarily decides to a large extent the direction of economic activity. Socialists will plan for a classless community. Possession of adequate purchasing power gives freedom of choice to the consumer. To-day most people can afford little, but necessaries.

Lord Lothian naturally looks at Society to-day from the standpoint of the well-to-do. He does not understand that the freedom of which he boasts is the preserve of a class and that the restrictions which bulk so big in his fearful apprehensions of a Socialist future are the every-day conditions of the working classes.

Lord Lothian indeed makes quite plain the reasons why Liberalism which lives in the past attracts so little support in the present.

C. R. ATTLEE

SIR,—Lord Lothian's assertion that the Socialist "regards nationalisation as an end in itself" interests me because earlier last month, in an address to the Fabian Society, I maintained exactly the opposite position, apparently with the full approval of that intelligent Socialist audience. My argument then was: The capitalist system solved the problem of production. It gave men the incentive and the means to produce goods in great quantity and immense variety. But the same forces which brought it into being are now bringing it to its end. It was the legitimisation of profit and interest which led to the immense productivity of the Capitalist Age and gave it its superiority over the Feudal Age. But the diversion of so large a portion of the proceeds of industry into the channels of profit and interest, in addition to the older channel of rent, has deprived the mass of the people of the means to purchase the goods so plentifully produced by their labour operating through the capitalist machine. Accordingly the problem for statesmen is so to increase the purchasing power of the people that they will be able to absorb the unconsumed goods produced by the capitalist machine. And it is only the State which can do this. For the individual employer who starts trying to increase the purchasing power of his own workpeople will soon put himself out of business in competition with his more short-sighted rivals seeking immediate advantage. That is why the State will be obliged to assume control of the chief means of production. I continued: "Though this is commonly represented as the economic goal of Socialism, we do wrong to think so. From the economic point of view, nationalisation of the chief means of production is a means to an end, but the only means to the end. The raising of the purchasing power of the masses by the approximation of incomes can be secured only when the people, through the State, are themselves owners of the chief means of production." I proceeded to show the ethical advantages which this system would have over present conditions.

Nothing new, perhaps, but that is the point. My Socialist audience thought it nothing strange that nationalisation should be regarded as a means, not an end. Will Lord Lothian be reassured on this point?

Another point. May I assure Lord Lothian that we Socialists have no desire to prevent, or entertain the delusion that we could prevent, "that continuous and delicate adjustment" of the industrial machine on which he rightly lays emphasis. What we do seek is that the adjustment shall be made with some regard for human values, instead of, as in the days of *laisser faire*, with none.

Socialists are not likely to be stampeded by Lord Lothian's tactics into the revolutionary camp, where the enemy would have us at his mercy. May I offer him three good reasons why he, as a Liberal, should give his support to us rather than the Tories. They are—Peace, Retrenchment and Reform. He will not get Peace from a party which has landed us in an international situation grimly parallel to 1913. Nor will he get Retrenchment from a party which is squandering many millions of pounds annually on uneconomic enterprises. Nor will he get Reform from a party whose mind is still feudal. Socialism is the fulfilment of the Liberal creed.

IVOR THOMAS

16A John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

THE JUBILEE PROGRAMME

SIR,—The official programme of the Jubilee Procession opens with a message from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; and this message is sure of a great response. But loyal subjects of His Majesty the King will regret the disservice done to him and to his Royal House by the remainder of the official programme of the Silver Jubilee. His Majesty has consistently employed his influence and prestige to commend the cause of the League of Nations to all his subjects. But the Silver Jubilee Programme does not allude to his interest in world peace or to Britain's great part in building up the collective peace system.

While Mr. John Drinkwater's introductory note on the history of the King's reign has a good deal to say about the World War, it makes no reference whatever to the League of Nations, the greatest (or perhaps the only) gain of the battlefields. There is nothing to suggest that King George's reign has seen any advance upon the international anarchy of twenty-five years ago. For Mr. Drinkwater, the outstanding feature of the post-war years is a contest between democratic and dictatorial forms of national government. The great adventure of laying the foundation of a new world order, including machinery for the organisation of peace as well as for the prevention of war, escapes his notice altogether.

Since, as we are assured on the highest authority, the foreign policy of His Majesty's Government is based on loyal co-operation with the League, was it absurd to hope that the official plans for next Monday's pomp and pageantry might have provided some signs of progress beyond the narrow doctrine of national sovereignty which dominated international relations when King George's reign began? If, for example, the British President of the World Court of Justice, to whose judgments all the British Dominions now submit, had been given an important place in the procession, Britain would have provided a striking demonstration that mankind was beginning to move—perhaps under British leadership—towards the larger ideal of a world-wide commonwealth of nations resembling, but including, the Dominions of our King.

MAXWELL GARNETT

League of Nations Union,
15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

HOSPITALS

SIR,—To the extent that it would be unreasonable to look for superiority in hospital food over that found in the average home, I am in agreement with Lady Oxford and Asquith. Complaints, however, frequently reach me regarding the diet supplied to patients in hospitals and nursing homes, more particularly immediately after operations. The latest is so authoritative and serious that I feel it a duty to make it public. Within a day or two of a severe operation upon a barrister, roast beef and mutton were offered to him. The fare generally was characterised as "most repugnant." He had no appetite and could not touch any of the food for some days. Although his views and practice respecting diet are entirely conventional, my friend remarked

that he considered it "preposterous to attempt to put such food into him."

The experience recalls words in an address to the Hospitals Conference, 1927, on "The Reform of Institutional Housekeeping": "Invalid cookery, as practised in this country, is unworthy of the name. The food is in large measure inappropriate, too substantial, stodgy and starchy for those leading a bed-ridden existence. Portions are often too big and the service, which should be dainty and attractive, is frequently the reverse. ('They feed you,' observed the friend cited above, 'as if you were an agricultural labourer.') As a consequence, unnecessary suffering is entailed, and recovery retarded or prejudiced. Moreover, few, if any, useful lessons for the resumption of home life can be carried away."

CHAS. E. HECHT,
Hon. Secretary
Food Education Society,
29 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—I have recently been a patient in the local isolation hospital here and I was awakened each morning for washing purposes at 4 a.m. I believe that I was fortunately placed in the ward and that some of my fellow patients were compelled to begin the day at 3.30 a.m. It seems that your readers, who have been subjected to 5 a.m. washings in voluntary hospitals have been lucky. The isolation hospital is, of course, maintained by the rates.

W. A. CARRUTHERS
49 Bristol Road, Ipswich.

SIR,—Your correspondence on the Voluntary Hospital system is of considerable interest and importance, but the kernel of the subject does not seem to be appreciated without which the causes of the complaints made cannot be understood. To understand, it is necessary to consider the evolutionary history of the Voluntary Hospital system.

It originated from three elements: A suffering Poor (really poor, not like your correspondent of March 23rd), the compassionate Rich (often a medical man), and a humane Profession whose consideration was for the sufferings of the Poor and not for personal reward. Poverty and suffering were then the only considerations.

But with the materialistic evolution of a materialistic age those three elements have become transformed into paying-patients (who are ousting the Poor), a generous but not always altruistic public, a self-seeking profession (by this I mean no offence to the profession, but the fact that a hospital practice is eagerly sought in one's own interests—not for love of the suffering Poor), and to which has been added a begging Board of Management whose outlook tends less and less to the needs of the suffering Poor but more and more to the erection of palatial buildings in which to house the paying-patient. So that to-day the only thing that is voluntary about the Voluntary Hospital system is that the public are not compelled to support them and—apart from the attendance of the profession—almost the only characteristic that remains is the communal system of boarding.

It is this communal system which gives cause to your correspondents' complaints. In it inherent defects are inevitable from the private individual's (paying-patient) point of view, and his remedy is the truth that he should not seek hospital treatment to the detriment of the Poor and the detriment of his practitioner and specialists, but should resort to nursing-homes where he can pay for and have individual attention, including that of his own practitioner, or else be content as the poor are with what is done for them.

As regards the particular grievances your correspondent of March 23rd makes, it would seem that somebody in the management of that particular hospital requires to be Hoovered; but I must say that in a long experience of many hospitals as student, visitor, consultant, and as a patient in the ordinary ward (not a pay-ward) of one of London's largest Voluntary Hospitals, I have never noticed others, nor have I found myself, consuming the fluff and dirt of the ward with my food.

The whole Voluntary Hospital system is altering to the detriment of the really Poor and to the benefit of the paying middle class and those of the wealthy who prefer to keep their money in their pockets than to pay their way; to the gradual pauperisation of the family doctor and the general practitioner for the benefit of the comparatively small, select body known as the Honorary Consulting Staffs.

The entire system requires drastic alteration so that the beds will be made available for the really Poor free of cost and not on the Robin Hood system; so that the money raised by the public should be devoted more to the actual needs and comforts of the suffering Poor than to the erection of palatial buildings to house paupers, to the enriching of architects and contractors and the pride of the Boards of Management; so that fair play should be accorded to all in the profession and the struggling general practitioner not be ousted from his living by the Honorary Consulting Staffs. This means that the paying-patient system should be run on completely different lines and should not be part and parcel of the Voluntary Hospital system.

It is interesting to note that the Lord Chancellor uttered a warning the other day to the Boards of Management on the financial question, and Lord Moynihan recently warned them from the professional standpoint.

J. F. PEART, F.R.C.S.
79 Harley Street, W.1.

THE GALLANT MAJOR

SIR,—In the course of an interesting review of four works by Major Douglas, your reviewer, in describing the "simple cure," says: "let each citizen be credited, in respect of each purchase which he makes, with a sum representing the "B" element in its price. . . ."

If the detailed example of the application of consumer-credit by means of a price-discount, given in Chapter X of *Economic Democracy*, be studied, it will be found that the "price-factor" used is the ratio of total consumption to total production over a given period, and bears no relation whatever to the B payments made in the example. It is quite easy, for instance, to imagine a society in which, for a short period, total consumption might equal total production, while B payments would continue to be made and might be large relatively to the A variety. Under such conditions, the price-factor would be unity, and consumers would receive no credit at all.

Most of "The Gallant Major's" critics seem to be under the impression that his "Just Price" and "Price-factor" are deduced from the A + B theorem. They are not, as a study of Chapter II, Part III, of *Social Credit* will show.

If and when these critics succeed in demolishing the A + B theorem they will still be left with the proposition that the *real* cost of the total production of any given period is the total consumption during that period, and it follows from this that, under normal conditions of industrial progress, the *real* cost of an article is a fraction of its money-cost, as computed by the conventional rules of cost-accountancy.

That being so, it remains for the critics to explain how any community can ever indent to the full on its total productive resources if the prices extracted from individuals are continually in excess of the money equivalent of the *real* costs of the products for sale.

A. W. COLEMAN
"Oakdene,"
Mundesley, Norfolk.

SIR,—In your issue of April 13th Mrs. Honor Croome states that "the social credit scheme is . . . a form of inflation, certain to cause the same dislocating results as a direct watering of the currency."

Even though this be true in relation to the particular proposals put forward by the gallant and obscure Major, it is obviously untrue generally.

In a community such as ours which has more than 2,000,000 registered unemployed; in which more than 12,000,000 women work in ill-equipped homes with but very low social efficiency; in which we destroy plant or ships (such as the 10,000,000 cotton spindles now to be in Lancashire, or "that splendid ship," the *Mauritania*) while human need remains unsatisfied; in which we continually increase the volume of parasitic and socially useless activities; it should be clear even to skilled economists such as Mrs. Croome that purchasing power (i.e., new money) issued to those who will spend it in socially valuable ways will enrich the community up to the limits of the productivity which the community desires to undertake. The issue of such purchasing power will, of course, eliminate the anti-social control of the present owners of credit power. But that is an issue not raised by Mrs. Croome.

JOHN L. HODGSON, M.Inst.Mech.E.
(President of the Engineers' Economic Study Circle).
Eggington House,
Near Leighton Buzzard.

[Mrs. Croome writes: I must decline to follow Mr. Coleman once more through the whole weariful maze of social credit

theory. If, however, the "A" and "B" elements represent any reality at all (which I disbelieve) they correspond respectively to consumption expenditure, regarded by Mr. Coleman as real cost, and the margin between that and total money cost. Both, incidentally, are statistically impossible to determine and hence hardly suitable data for currency or credit policy. But nothing short of a conscientious course of elementary economics, for which these columns are not the place, would cover all the errors implicit in Mr. Coleman's letter.

Mr. Hodgson reproaches me for ignoring our present economic distresses and the possibilities of their mitigation through inflation. This is, of course, an entirely different matter. It is theoretically possible to restore equilibrium either by deflation or by expansion, provided either process starts in the right place and stops at the right moment. The latter is the more comfortable, and I agree with Mr. Hodgson's main proposition—in theory. As a practical plan it has two bad flaws: one, that any authority undertaking it would be virtually forced to carry it too far and start a fresh boom-crisis-slump sequence; two, that "priming the pump" is in itself inadequate so long as the price structure remains pulled out of shape by previous crises. I think Mr. Roosevelt's experience shows that.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

INSTANTANEOUS DEATH

SIR,—Like many others no doubt, I am much exercised in mind by an uncomfortable doubt as to whether the official and monotonous "Death was instantaneous" must be read as standing for a hideous process of slow strangulation. Therefore I was eagerly on the alert when your correspondent "Autumnus" announced himself as a one-time executioner. Here, I felt, the needed information, the longed-for reassurance, was coming, and from an authoritative source. But an eager and rapid scanning of the letter brought no enlightenment on this point—it was simply an argument for the death penalty. What does this mean? To me it seems a confirmation of one's worst fears.

48 Darenth Road, S. L. SALZEDO
Stamford Hill, N.16.

A SCHOOL PROBLEM

SIR,—Here in Rome I have only to-day seen the letter of the Chairman of the Education Committee of the London County Council in your issue of the 20th of April in reply to mine in that of the 23rd of March last. The Chairman's letter is very welcome. It is fine confused feeding with a feast of good things in it. The best is that the average number of children in the classes of the London elementary schools is now below thirty. That will be news to a great many teachers. The Chairman will now see, I am sure, that the Sword of Damocles, which is hanging over the fine work of the mistresses of the particular girls' school in Islington to which I referred, will be removed. They were to lose a teacher, automatically and without appeal, if one of their classes fell below forty by a single child and the class concerned to be distributed, to the destruction of the interesting and successful scheme of education the headmistress had been encouraged to start. The teacher would join the knitting class of the unattached on full pay at headquarters and the knowledge she had acquired of the home surroundings and characters of her pupils would be lost. This absurd disaster, when the school buildings are half empty and the classrooms in use overcrowded, I am sure the Chairman will now prevent. In order that she may identify the school, if she has not already done so, let me tell her its cramped playground is overshadowed by an empty wing of school buildings. This wing has not been pulled down, so it is said, and sunlight let into the playground, because the building, in spite of its fancy dress architecture, is so well built that the Council cannot afford the cost of the work. This latter must surely have been a Municipal Reformers' argument and cannot apply in the days of our fine new Council.

C. H. REILLY

Rome. April 24th, 1935.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

SIR,—I am engaged on a book that is intended to be a study of present-day relationship of parents and children, and would like to get in touch, *in strict confidence*, with the views of those not too old to have outgrown the effects of family life (good *or* bad). May I call on any of your readers whom the venture interests to give me their experience and/or conclusions, writing to me in the first instance, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION?

L. C. M. LOCKHART

YOUTH HOSTELS

SIR,—"Critic" in his note on the scarcity of lodgings for walkers in Sussex refers to this association, and has, perhaps unwittingly, hit upon one of our great difficulties. This group of the Youth Hostels Association has, since its formation in 1931, striven to establish hostels in West Sussex. So far we have met with little success, on account of the high rents and the popularity of this part of the country with week-enders.

May I appeal to those of your readers who are sympathetic towards the youth hostel movement to assist in the provision of hostels in West Sussex by notifying me of any suitable property which may be available? Barns, cottages, mills and many other types of buildings have been adapted as hostels in various parts of the country?

The most urgent need is for hostels in the Midhurst, Storrington and Steyning districts, but information relating to any part of the county will be gratefully received.

21 Ashburton Road, ANDREW J. BRANDRAM,
Southsea. Hon. Secretary

Miscellany

EPSTEIN OR DOBSON

IT is possible to love both Dickens and Thackeray, both Wagner and Mozart, and it may in time become possible to like both Epstein and Dobson. But for the moment most of us only like one or other of these sculptors, and I confess to a respect for Dobson, which well may blind me to the virtues of Epstein. Indeed the controversy about Epstein has made his name a sore spot with those of us who have been actively interested in contemporary art. For years we heard his work condemned for what we thought the wrong reasons—now we hear it praised for reasons equally wrong. Mr. Epstein, I

would suggest, is a brilliant modeller of portrait busts, whose best work delights by its virtuosity. But he is something of a Sargent in his lack of distinction. In his carving, as opposed to his modelling, his fault is not that he has been influenced by extra-European art: still less that he practises distortion. (Most of the best sculpture is "distorted," whether Greek, or Chinese, or Gothic.) His fault is that he uses distortion for emotional over-emphasis and without respect for formal considerations. The resulting works produce an instantaneous and violent reaction, whether favourable or not, in the spectator, but I suspect them to lack the serious plastic qualities which alone give to art a permanent value.

Mr. Dobson's virtues and faults are the exact opposite. It is doubtful if he will ever become very popular with the general public. For his art is classical—that is to say not that he works in a manner derived from Greece or the Renaissance, but that he is single-minded in his pursuit of purely sculptural aims, austerely avoiding all exploitation of romantic feeling. Indeed he is, if anything, too "distinguished," and it is a little disappointing that he still will not allow himself greater latitude. His command of his *métier* is now such that he could do so safely. In any case he is an artist who could never be vulgar. One hopes that he may yet let his fire burn more fiercely—the fire is there, but it is subdued by long consideration. The result is work of great seriousness and subtlety, work which rightly is intended not to bowl over the hurried visitor but to impress itself on those who frequent it. The massive *Pax* contains exquisite passages and forms a composition of rare dignity. But the group oddly named *Romantic* is perhaps a more entire success. Among the admirable portrait busts, that of a boy is perhaps the best—Mr. Dobson is always brilliant with children. The terra-cottas are enchanting. His feeling for his material is always irreproachable, and terra-cotta encourages him to give rein to his lyricism. Indeed this exhibition leaves one wondering whether he is not by nature lyrical and elegiac rather than epic or monumental; in which case he has, despite his notable achievements, hardly begun to explore the most promising field for his temperament. Everyone seriously interested in the visual arts should make an effort to visit this exhibition, and particularly architects, most of whom are painfully out of touch with the best contemporary sculpture and painting. It is a tragedy that Mr. Dobson was not invited to make the sculptural ornaments for the new R.I.B.A. building.

Besides the Dobsons, the Leicester Galleries have a show of Chagall. Twelve years ago he seemed a more interesting artist that he does now, for he was one of the first contemporaries to bring fantasy back into painting. But since then we have had—in Europe if not in England—more than our fill of the fantastic. And he now appears as an unequal painter who has developed little, but who retains our respect by his very personal feeling for colour.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

JUBILEE ODE

[As the Poet Laureate might once have written it]

NOT for the glittering squadrons, the cavalcade prancing in pride
England to England gathers, borne on the roads and the tide,
But touched to a solemn beauty of high thanksgiving,
For gentle service bestowed and lovely living.

Smack of the cruddled seas on tall ships buffeting home,
Clop of the Downland feet, and the dear dark print of the loam,
Fellow-rovers from far that steer by the heart's strange knowing.
Man is a flame in the night and a wind blowing!

Not in the blast of trumpets blown to the ends of the earth,
But up from blind years of travail marches this day to birth.
Fate in marvellous wise fashioned this kingly hour,
Great with purpose fulfilled and smithied to shining power.

Pure grey crying sea-gulls watch at the river-gates,
And Roman and Celt and Saxon and stokers and bos'ns' mates,
With slow old sailor chanties saluting a life's endeavour
That quicks this day to a song and a deathless beauty for ever.

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MOTOR CAR DEVELOPMENTS SINCE 1910

TWENTY-FIVE years ago one Englishman in 350 owned a car or a motor cycle, a proportion then unsurpassed in any other country. To-day there are localities in America where one person in four is alleged to own a car, though the proportion in this country is only about one in twenty. This enormous growth in the popularity of motoring demands some explanation, for if cars were comparatively slow in 1910, the standard of reliability was already quite high, light traffic made driving safe and pleasant, expenses were extremely low, and the country was prosperous. A boom must have been expected by the trade, for no fewer than 600 different petrol cars were advertised on the British market, although at that date the average sale of each model did not exceed fifty cars per annum; the Morris and Austin factories to-day turn out more cars in two busy months than the entire British industry produced in 1910. Small sales and restricted ownership would be amply explained if we could resurrect a 1910 car, people it with its original crew, dressed in the motoring costumes of the period, and construct a replica of the typical road upon which they once travelled. Indeed, howls of inextinguishable laughter would accompany its passage through any modern street; and even this laughter would not fully explain why motoring languished in those half-forgotten days. The typical 1910 car was open, and was often sold without even the sketchy protection of a windscreen or folding hood. A snub bonnet introduced the eye to a tall, perpendicular dash, behind which the driver sat bolt upright, clutching a steering wheel at the tip of an almost vertical column. Though the car was not at all fast according to modern ideas (races on Brooklands could be won at less than 50 m.p.h. in 1910), it was quite speedy enough to create violent wind pressure; and its unprotected occupants dressed accordingly. The men wore heavy ulsters or rubber ponchos, enormous gloves, and huge goggles. The unfortunate women, doomed by the fashions of the period to long hair and great hats, found motoring a most rumpling occupation. They either enveloped their heads in bags of dust-

proof and waterproof material, drawn together by elastic at the mouth; or else swathed yards of thin scarf round hair and hat, only to find the scarves disarranged by the wind of the car's passage, and so dictating an incessant struggle with flying ends and streaming tresses. Few roads were tarred, and in dry weather a car was followed by a towering dust cloud; and the vacuum induced by quite modest speed sucked penetrating grit in over the tail of the car, where it penetrated eyes, noses, mouths, hair, and clothing. A lengthy and painstaking bath was the inseparable sequel of a summer drive. Even if the car had been fitted by an earnest owner with a hood and screen, its sides were left open, and there were many other openings for draught and rain. The front seats were often innocent of side doors, whilst the control levers and pedals protruded through generous clearance holes cut in the flooring. In this climate dustless and rainless days are not too common; and such a vehicle required for comfort a day free from wind and cold, as well as from dust and rain. Hence, the women of England evinced no great passion for motoring in 1910, and even amongst the tougher males motoring ranked rather as a semi-technical hobby, such as television is to-day, than as an ideal mode of private transport. Night and darkness added considerably to the potential discomforts of the car, for it utilised wick oil lamps at its sides and tail, whilst its inefficient head lamps were fed by an acetylene gas generator. These accessories required real skill in their handling, unless stoppages were to occur; and just as electricity has not yet been applied to car lighting, neither had it been enrolled to deliver the owner from the ordeal of starting his engine. Before he took his car out, he must face a possibly exhausting struggle with the starting handle, and every accidental engine stoppage implied a dismount—perhaps in pouring rain—and a renewal of the struggle. In other words, even an athletic man did not lightly plan a journey by car; and most women required some coaxing before they would face its discomforts. Discomfort and inconvenience were the real obstacles to progress.

But keen brains were alive to all these hindrances. Even in 1910 inventors were busy planning the production of the semi-automatic family car. Many designers, amongst whom Herbert Austin was even then prominent, worked away at the idea of the "inside driving" car, as they then named what we should call the saloon. Their primitive experiments were positively ghastly in outline. Concentrating on weather protection, they were blind to beauty, and merely bolted a roomy cubical structure with glass front and sides in the centre of a flat chassis. Owners weary of exposure bought these samples, and anon discovered that the coachbuilding methods which might serve a horsed carriage, floating gently along at eight miles an hour on huge Cee springs, would never fit a speed chassis. Joints "worked," doors jammed or gaped, windows rattled. The orchestra of noise generated in an aged London four-wheel cab was silence itself compared to the cacophony of these early closed cars; and the trade was driven to devise novel methods of body construction. Meanwhile, the electrician was as busy as the coachbuilder. He saw opportunities alike of service and of profit in developing electric lighting, and electric engine starters. Simultaneously, the artist perceived possibilities of beauty. He dreamt of flush, lovely contours, and implored the engineers to conceal excrescences, and to hide the accessories. All these changes implied considerable additions to the weight; and the shortcomings of current engines became evident. The typical engine of 1910 was not a pure single-speed engine, like its progenitors of ten years earlier; but it possessed no great range of revolution. The "fast" cars of the day attained their laborious 60 m.p.h. only by dint of a very high gear; the big cars of the day were actually geared at a ratio of 2½ to 1 on top gear. If an owner wished to travel slowly in a town, he changed down—possibly to first or second gear. As the passion for comfort and convenience piled on weight, the engineer found himself compelled to extract increased horse-power from given engine dimensions; and joining hands with the coachbuilder he lightened his main task by devising methods of saving weight, so as to enhance the road performance in spite of the new loads. All these processes went on hand-in-hand; and finally we learnt from America the principle of economic flow production. It could never be applied until the sales of any particular model grew large enough to justify the high overhead cost of machine tools; and sales could not grow until the idle man was offered a car demanding the minimum of effort, and until women were offered cars which they could occupy in comfort. So slowly did this complex evolution advance that the new cars appearing each January never made their immediate predecessors look odd or contemptible; but each year in the twenty-five under notice brought its small advances; and the sum of all these petty advances amounted to a transformation, and converted us from a nation of travellers by foot, horse or rail into a motor-conscious people, accomplishing perhaps the bulk of their travel behind a petrol engine on the roads, and utilising commodities very largely transported by similar methods.

R. E. DAVIDSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Tovarich" at the Lyric

Few motifs are better calculated to warm the heart of the average playgoer than the progressive revelation through three acts that the best people, whatever their circumstances, are still the best people. *Tovarich* at the Lyric Theatre, whatever its shortcomings from the point of view of probability, has just that sure-fire quality, and it is, moreover, acted with a perfect polish and grace by as strong a team as you are likely to find on this side of the Atlantic. How skilfully does M. Jacques Deval (aided considerably, one imagines, by the neat dialogue of Mr. Robert Sherwood) build up sympathy for his dispossessed Russian aristocrats—for Prince Mikail Ouratieff, nursing four billion francs, received from the late Czar, as a sacred trust, while encouraging Tatiana to steal artichokes for him from the little grocer round the corner. How exquisite the tact of M. Chauffourier-Dubieff, receiving the same artichokes from the Prince when it is revealed that the Archduchess has committed her prigging under the benevolent eye of the French Government. All this is pleasant fooling, which grows broader when the pair take jobs as valet and femme-de-chambre in a banker's household, having written their own testimonials; but the astronomical bank balance and the fame of its holder are too much for them and the piece ends, completely unconvincingly with the handing over of the money, half in spite, to the hateful Bolshevik commissar for the sake of Russia, and the abashed banker, thus cheated of a profitable oil deal, sentimentally begging Prince and Archduchess to retain their situations. It is preposterous, but Cedric Hardwicke and Mme. Eugenie Leontovich are easily capable of keeping

So This Is Jubilee

When all is beer and skittles, as you might very properly believe by reading the daily press, forgive us for our sense of proportion and of realism. That they are out of fashion we know; but we are disturbed to think, as we cannot help thinking when we see lots of circuses and very little bread, that numbers of children are dying every day in this country of malnutrition. That the B.M.A. drew up an adequate minimum diet for such people we know; but we also know that since it was published its cost has gone up by 20 per cent., and that there are 20,000,000 people in this island who cannot afford to buy that diet. When you look at the street decorations, and reflect, as you no doubt have already done, upon the repulsive taste of those responsible for them, will you remember that those who flock to cheer are not the people of this country; but are merely a small proportion of them as alien to and ignorant of life in the provinces and depressed areas as the man in Mars.

All this is, had you guessed it? a prologue to an advertisement to what is one of the more important books of our time. Title: *Fascism and Social Revolution*. Author: Palme Dutt. Price: only five shillings.

If you have the slightest interest in all these current manifestations of monarchical fun, you may want to know what underlies their origin and what purpose they serve. The art of dust throwing is highly developed in this country, but Palme Dutt's book, every statement in which is document, is guaranteed to remove dust from any eye to which it is applied. His superbly clear analysis of the causes underlying our economic situation and of the political chicanery of our rulers, is startling; but it is a healthy remedy for complacency. Its cost is some pounds less than that of a jubilee seat: and what he offers is no more uncomfortable than they are.

Another book to bear in mind alongside this, as giving an insight into the machinery and reasons for our British news, is *Lenin on Britain* (8*s*. 6*d*.). Lenin explains what the professional jubilators merely confuse and a jubilee resolution to read, or re-read, these two books on the part of N. S. & N. readers will mean that, as far as you are concerned at any rate, the bunting has not been wasted.

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it floating. Sir Cedric's task is the harder, for he has at least to suggest a rational man-of-affairs underlying the suave fantasy, while Mme. Leontovich has only to play the exquisite, passionate featherbrain, which she does with completely satisfying charm. Allan Aynesworth's broad-shouldered diplomacy is pleasantly in the picture, and Evelyn Roberts without a hint of overplaying suggests not only the vulgarity but the amiability of M. Dupont, the banker, in a very human sketch.

"1066 and All That," at the Strand

Mr. Reginald Arkell has made a very vivacious revue from the book by Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman. As in all comic history the joke of the anachronism is played rather often (one remembers Leech's picture of Julius Caesar landing at Margate), but it is played here with speed and wit, and a disarming gusto for jokes good and bad, which makes the evening almost continuously amusing. Mr. Naunton Wayne as the announcer sustains a bored and polished innocence which sets off his preposterous remarks admirably. Many of the scenes are really funny: the spectacle for example of Henry VIII playing at musical chairs with his wives, who drop out one by one. And many of the jokes are good—the Duke of Marlborough explains himself, with the remark, "I am a humble ancestor of the famous Winston Churchill." At any moment in the show history may be resolved into a fantasia of hats or beards, a dance of red and white roses, a parody of topical events. The colours are bright, the music goes, and as farcical pantomime it is one of the best entertainments that have been seen in the West End for some time.

"Les Misérables" at the Tivoli

Continental directors, when in doubt, usually have another shot at *Les Misérables*. It's a conveniently spacious masterpiece: plenty of room to move about there, and high-sounding, yet within the means of any hard-pressed film company; you only need whiskers, a pair of candlesticks, a few uniforms—and Victor Hugo does all the work. Now Hollywood has embraced the old lag, Valjean; and all the King Vidors and all the de Milles will, in turn, tear Hugo asunder again. . . . Only, of course, they—in this case Darryl F. Zanuck—go about it differently. Full of the "new dignity" and the new dullness (for it is new, after all; the more pompous and elaborate the monster production, the more phoney the effect), what has Hollywood to offer in place of the old slow, silent *Misérables?* Why, greater expense, a whole lot more of The Chase and the Student Riots ("Let's go, boys!") and a Name. Charles Laughton, the last and chief of these assets, did his best for the film as a whole and even, on occasion, saved it by setting a reasonable pace. But it remains a garbled "glorification" of the great French classic, a shade worse than *The Count of Monte Cristo* (and no wonder: they couldn't quite do a bunk with Dumas): weary and forced, massive and feeble. All that, in spite of the fact that Fredric March is a good actor, and handsome; and the grown-up Cosette pretty and competent as a picture. Above all, the film showed Laughton's versatility; the repulsive as opposed to the Ruggles side of his face, his ability to act superbly, his flair for the sinister, his sinister ability to over-act shamefully half the time. . . . It also proved once more that little girls, on the screen, should be seen and not heard.

"Son Autre Amour" at the Academy

Colette Borelli, in the French film at the Academy, proved just the reverse. Admittedly her Blanche was often barely audible—but wholly charming: the mumbling sentiment of the two children exchanging chocolate and confidences in a field was about the best piece of sentiment in a film dealing exclusively, and exquisitely, with such things as a cry-baby; a father's cherishing of his child; a widower's infatuation for a dizzy, calculating blonde; and the clandestine affair of two school-teachers. *Schocking*, in truth, all along the line—that thin red line of imperturbable respectability and doggy pluck, outraged at every point: the rod spared, the child no doubt spoiled; the young woman in the gramophone-shop a hussy; her admirer wasn't strictly truthful (as what would you expect of a man who talked with his hands?); school discipline was lax; quite a number of things were *ridiculed*. . . . Not only the rhetoric joke, so well employed here, but the whole thing would have been impossible in English: untranslatable. As it was, we suffered no hearty embarrassments, no pats on the head from a cricketing schoolmaster; nor was the comic relief dragged in from time to time with Matron or the gardener. The joke *was* the sentiment—a good joke, come to think of it, and *très serieux*. Ah, these French, with their keen sense of frontiers and dividing-lines, their strict demarcation of comedy from tragedy! Many people who dislike films would like this one, for its subtlety. Moreover, *qua* film, it is excellent: leisurely without being slow, sprightly in humour without being facetious, sentimental yet not in the least sticky; and extremely well acted by almost every member of the cast—best of all by Emanuel Roncier, the little boy. He is to be looked for again later at the Academy with another fine child actor, Robert Lynen, in *Sans Famille*.

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THE COMING WEEK

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S. H. Bailey on "The International Regulation of Radio and Cable Communications," London School of Economics, 5.
"Colonel Wotherspoon," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.
"Sweet Aloes," Wyndham's Theatre.
"Shall We Reverse," Comedy Theatre.

SATURDAY, May 4th—
Harold Samuel, Bach Week, Wigmore Hall, 3.15.
Croydon Philharmonic Society, Elgar Festival, North End Hall, 8.
"The Flying Trapeze," Alhambra Theatre.

SUNDAY, May 5th—
John Katz on "World Religions and World Chaos," Conway Hall, 11.
Berthold Viertel on "Russian Screen Technique," Willoughby Hall, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 6 and 8.30.
Oxford Handel-Bach Musical Festival.

MONDAY, May 6th—
Royal Academy Exhibition, Burlington House.
"Stevedore," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, May 7th—
"Gay Masquerade," Princes Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, May 8th—
Dora Russell on "Sex and Economics," Essex Hall, Essex Street, 8.
"Tantivy Towers," Birkbeck College Theatre, 8.15; also on May 9th and 11th.

THURSDAY, May 9th—
Royal Naval, Military and Air Force Tournament, Olympia.

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Jubilee Supplement

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1935

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THE STATE OF THE POOR

THESE twenty-five years have brought no stupendous change in the condition of the working classes. The King of England still reigns over two nations—the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor. But some change, and a considerable one, there has been; the poverty of the poor, in general, is not so acute as it was, nor are its consequences, spiritual and material, so dire. Nobody, who lived as I did in 1910 in East London, who knew the industrial north and midlands, the rural counties of the south, the elementary schools, the pubs, the police courts, and the workhouses, could question the improvement. It has been spread unevenly; the gains have been greater for some than for others, and in one important point there has been a loss. Unemployment to-day has become a social mischief of a magnitude not dreamed of in 1910. It is three or four times as great in volume; it is massed in whole areas; and for large numbers of individuals it has lasted not for weeks or months, but years. Yet even here there is some consolation; we have at least got palliatives—the Unemployment Insurance scheme, in particular—unknown in 1910, and a fuller knowledge of, and a stronger demand for, remedies of a more drastic sort.

Twenty-five years ago we were nearing the close of the series of social reforms initiated by the Liberal Government of 1906. These included old-age pensions, the feeding of necessitous schoolchildren, medical inspection in the schools, a new Workmen's Compensation Act and a new Housing Act, the Children Act of 1908, the Labour Exchanges Act and the first tentative Trade Boards Act of 1909. There was still more to come in the shape of the health and unemployment insurance schemes, which were put on the Statute-book in 1911. It was, then, a period of high hope, and even of enthusiasm for "social progress." But it was too early as yet to appraise the results of these reforms, and moreover, there was something else that had appeared in 1909 to take the shine out of them. The monumental report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, issued in 1909, painted a picture of misery and maladministration up and down the kingdom which profoundly stirred the public conscience. Of this I shall say more in a moment. But let us first look at the conditions of the poor who were not destitute. And, since it is impossible to examine every aspect, let us concentrate on their wages, their houses, and their children.

Wages—not merely money wages but real wages—were in general lower, and for a great host of workers far lower, in 1910 than they are to-day. The standard rates for bricklayers ranged from 8*d.* to 10*d.* per hour; for bricklayer's labourers from 5*d.* to 6½*d.*; for engineers (fitters) from 32*s.* to 37*s.* The corresponding rates to-day are respectively 1*s.* 7½d., 1*s.* 2¼d., and 58*s.* to 60*s.* No less than 63 per cent. of all the adult railway workers in 1910 were earning under 25*s.* a week, and 24 per cent. under £1. The average weekly wages of ordinary agricultural labourers were 14*s.* in the eastern counties, 15*s.* in the south-eastern, 13*s.* 9*d.* in the south-west, 18*s.* in the northern. These are Lord Ernle's figures, which do not reckon "extras" such as harvest earnings, allowances, low rents, gardens, etc. You may make an addition, if you like, of 2*s.* to 3*s.* for these, in order to compare the agricultural wages of 1910 with those which are laid down by the County Committees, and which range from 30*s.* to 35*s.* a week. In all such comparisons, of course, the rise in cost of living must be taken into account. This rise, by the Ministry of Labour's index, is 39 per cent. over the level of July, 1914. But prices had risen by some points in July, 1914, above the 1910 level, and we may take 45 per cent. as about the right figure to use in estimating real wages at the beginning of the reign and to-day. Hours of work were generally longer at that time. The eight-hour-day was an exception; a fifty-four hour week was common in the better organised industries. Outside them it might be sixty hours, or even more.

But it was not the workers in the staple industries who were hardest pinched. There was a multitude of men and women, and especially women, in a whole range of sweated occupations, whose earnings were below any tolerable subsistence level. I have before me reports of investigators at the time of the Trade Boards agitation, showing wages of 10*s.*, 9*s.*, and 8*s.*, for a full week's work in tailoring, laundries, boot and shoe making, sweet-making, mustard-making and other trades in Norwich, Leeds and York. Birmingham was a notorious sweater's paradise; and not far from Birmingham was Cradley Heath, where women chainmakers were working for a wage of 6*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* a week—and this subject to a deduction of 2*s.* or more for fuel and forge-rent. The Trade Boards Act of 1909 was a boon for the four trades which it included—chain-making, lace finishing, paper-box making, and a section of tailoring. But even this only established minimum rates for women ranging from 2½*d.* to 3¼*d.* per hour—or 11*s.* 3*d.* to 13*s.* 10½*d.* per week. To-day there are some forty Trade Boards, covering between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 workers, and the general minimum time rates range from 5¾d. to 7½*d.* for women, and from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* for men.

We are all housing reformers now, alive to the urgency of the problem and eager to abate overcrowding and wipe out the slums. But the problem existed twenty-five years ago, and there is no evidence that it was less urgent. Only the Government and the local authorities, with few exceptions, were slacker, and the well-to-do classes and the newspapers in general were as little concerned about the toll of the slums as about the casualties at the Battle of Hastings. There were insanitary areas, large and small, up and down the land, square miles of "back-to-backs," country cottages unfit for habitation. A few hundred yards from where I lived in Bethnal Green stood a foul conglomeration of dwellings that had been condemned a generation and more before. It covered seven acres, with more than 500 houses and tenements occupied by some 3,000 persons, and it had a death rate more than twice as high as the death rate for the whole of the borough. Other big towns had comparable scandals in their midst. In the county of Somerset (which was no worse than many others) at the beginning of the King's reign, an inspection showed that, in the rural district of Bath, 7.5 per cent. of the houses inspected were unfit for habitation, and 32.5 per cent. "defective though not unfit"; in the rural district of Williton 7.3 per cent. unfit, and 71.1 per cent. defective; in the rural district of Taunton 9.5 per cent. unfit, 76.5 defective. As for overcrowding, the census of 1911 returned 3,139,472 persons (over 9 per cent. of the population of England and Wales) as living in overcrowded conditions—by the Registrar General's generously low standard of two adults per room, with a child under twelve counting as half an adult. And added to all this, the victims of bad housing in those days had a poorer chance of counteracting its mischief; the public health services were less developed and there were fewer facilities for getting fresh air.

The elementary schools of 1910 were behind those of to-day. The education was inferior. The secondary schools had not progressed far; the adult education movement was in its infancy. The physical welfare of the children was only just

beginning to be a matter of serious concern to the authorities. In his Annual Report for 1910, Sir George Newman, the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, gave some statistics of the ailments prevalent among the six million elementary schoolchildren of England and Wales, and concluded with this warning:

> It cannot be doubted that in the aggregate this formidable category of disease and defect means a serious amount of suffering, incapacity and inefficiency, which at least must greatly limit the opportunity and diminish the capacity of the child to receive and profit by the education which the State provides, and must involve a continual increase in the national burden of sickness and disablement.

Outside the schools—or partly in and partly out—myriads of boys and girls of tender years were being exploited in the factories and in the streets. Over 30,000 children between the ages of twelve and fourteen worked as half-timers in the mills of Yorkshire and Lancashire—at wages averaging about 2*s*. 6*d*. for a 26- or 27-hour week. Beyond the textile areas, there were hordes of schoolchildren employed before and after school hours in shops, or as messengers, or farm labourers, or domestic drudges, or street traders. Last, but not least in its stupidity and cruelty, there was the treatment of the children under the Poor Law. The Royal Commission found nearly 25,000 of these in the general workhouses of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, often herded indiscriminately with the other inmates. Those on outdoor relief numbered hundreds of thousands—a large proportion of them, in the words of the Minority Report, "chronically underfed, insufficiently clothed, badly housed, and, in literally thousands of cases, actually being brought up at the public expense in drunken and dissolute homes."

But it was not the children alone who suffered the penalties of pauperism. The Poor Law system was a great sink into which were swept the destitute of all categories and every age—the sick and the mentally defective, widows and babies, the aged and infirm, the able-bodied unemployed, tramps, genuine work-seekers and workshys. And there was at this time, be it remembered, no unemployment insurance, no health insurance. A few of the Boards of Guardians ran their workhouses as decently and as humanely as the law would allow; most did not. In some there were severe physical tests, such as stone-breaking, imposed on the able-bodied as a condition of relief. Good or bad, the workhouse was regarded with universal horror by the poor. It carried a social stigma and a political stigma, as did all forms of parish relief (except outdoor medical relief). As for the ordinary out-relief, it consisted generally of doles utterly inadequate for a decent subsistence. The treatment of the sick, whether in the infirmaries and dispensaries or in the homes of the patients, was in all but a few Unions a lamentable business. The exposure of all these scandals started a great agitation, led by Mrs. Sidney Webb and her co-signatories of the Minority Report, for the break up of the Poor Law and the prevention of destitution. But the Liberal Government of the day and its stiff-necked President of the Local Government Board, Mr. John Burns, would concede nothing beyond a little administrative tinkering. It was nearly twenty years before a Conservative Government, in 1929, transformed the Poor Law into the present Public Assistance system. This system, to be sure, is far from ideal. But it is not a case of "new presbyter is old priest writ small." No one who knew the pre-war Poor Law (its severities were considerably modified after the war) could honestly pretend that. Nor are those who oppose the Means Test to-day fighting so grim a battle, or against such odds, as were their fathers of old.

In the changes we have witnessed there is no ground for complacency. The curse of unemployment alone must make that unthinkable. But the rise in the standard of living, relatively slight though it may be, the extension of the social services, the growth of popular amenities, coupled with the sharpening of political consciousness, are significant things. They are not enough. But they are a stimulus to the demand for much more.

C. M. LLOYD

BRITISH INDUSTRIALISM, 1910—1935

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the position of British industry was very different from what it is to-day. In 1910 the level of unemployment was only 5 per cent., and in 1911 and 1912 only 3 per cent. It had not been over 8 per cent. since 1886. The value of British exports was higher than it had ever been, even in the boom year, 1907; it had increased by nearly 50 per cent. since 1900, which had also been a record year. Prosperity was general in all the major industries producing for export; and of all important industries building alone was seriously depressed. Wages, on the other hand, had risen hardly at all over the past decade; and their purchasing power had actually fallen by about 8 per cent. in consequence of the rising level of prices. The great labour unrest of the years before 1914 was just on the point of breaking out into a series of important strikes. Profits, on the other hand, were high, and investment, especially abroad, was proceeding at a great pace. Despite growing American and German competition, Great Britain seemed almost as much as ever "the workshop of the world"; and, even if the British proportion of total world trade was falling off, the absolute increase in volume and value was highly satisfying to the big capitalist interests.

In face of these developments the great Chamberlain attack on Free Trade seemed to have been decisively beaten off. With stationary wage-rates and rising prices, a good deal was being said and written about the need for protecting the consumers' interests. Trusts and combines were definitely unpopular, and treated in the newspapers as anti-social conspiracies against the public. Only a little while before, Lever Bros. had been compelled, by newspaper outcry, to make public renunciation of their plan for creating a "Soap Trust"—a renunciation which did not prevent them from going quietly ahead with their scheme, in a less spectacular but not less effective fashion, as soon as the clamour had died down. In fact, trusts and combines were present in great numbers and strength; but no one had yet invented the blessed word "rationalisation," and the fashion was to pretend, wherever possible, that they did not exist. Behind the scenes a great movement of consolidation was going on. The chief banks were grouping themselves by amalgamation to become the "Big Five." Brunner Mond, still only one among a number of big chemical concerns, were steadily extending their hold and entering into arrangements with their rivals and competitors. Messrs. Coats already dominated the thread trade; such concerns as the Bradford Dyers' Association, the regional steel associations which in fact worked closely together under a national "gentlemen's agreement," the Portland Cement Manufacturers, the Cable Makers' Association, the Imperial Tobacco Co., the Match Combine, and the Rail Makers' Association—to mention only a few out of many—had already developed an advanced technique for regulating market conditions. New amalgamations and consolidations were proceeding apace, especially in the newer industries. Indeed, of all the great industries, hardly any except the coal trade and the spinning and weaving branches of the main textile trades, were untouched by the movement towards industrial combination.

Nevertheless, it was still the practice to conceal the fact of combination wherever concealment could be made. For, in theory, the well-being of industry still rested on competition, which was supposed to be both the principal stimulus to efficient production and the chief safeguard of the consumers' interests. In truth, much more competition did exist than is left to-day; for the growing combines were still not half through the stage of swallowing up their rivals or agreeing to share out the market in order to avoid a costly struggle. It needed the war to give this process an added velocity and to turn the Government, which had till then at least posed as its opponent, into a whole-hearted advocate of "industrial

organisation." But in 1910, though many saw war coming, few, if any, foresaw its industrial consequences. Many capitalist leaders, such as Lord Leverhulme and Lord Melchett —then still unennobled—were hard at work organising their own industries towards the goal of monopoly; but neither they nor anyone else expected to see the Government, within a few years, openly taking their side.

In those days the eyes of most of the industrialists were still mainly fixed on the world market. It was, of course, well worth while to spend money and effort on monopolising the home market as well; and the tobacco war, the rail war, the shipping war, and other struggles had already taught a number of capitalist groups the virtues of international, as well as purely national, combination or agreement. The consolidation of the British and American tobacco interests to control the world market, the international rail agreement, and several other world associations for eliminating or regulating competition were already in full force. But in most industries international competition was still, as it is largely to-day, the rule; and all over the world British industrialists and exporters were struggling to maintain or extend their hold against American, German, and other lesser rivals.

In these circumstances, despite the rising national income, there was keen pressure to keep wages down; for international competition compelled exporters to work on narrow margins, except where they could secure preferential advantages, largely in connection with the export of capital. Profits were high; but the industrialists stoutly protested that they could not afford higher wages, and the Trade Unions, kept under till the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 by the Taff Vale Judgment, which made strike action perilous to Union funds, were only beginning in 1910 to organise their forces for a big forward movement. The disparity of wealth was increasing; and the attempt to give something back to the poor by expanding the social services had not gone far. Wages rose by about 6 per cent. between 1910 and 1914; but prices rose, too, and their purchasing power did not increase. Despite the growth of production, the wage-earners were a good deal worse off in 1914 than at the beginning of the century.

The slump in real wages did not prevent the industrialists from looking round for other means of reducing their labour costs. In 1910, "Scientific Management," popularised earlier in the United States, was just beginning to be widely spoken of in Great Britain. The Premium Bonus System, and other devices for securing higher output, were being widely applied in the engineering trades. Attempts to secure shorter working hours were vigorously and successfully resisted. The faster accumulation of capital, especially for export, far more than the enlargement of the general standard of living, seemed to be the predominant motive of the still expanding economic system. Already Mr. J. A. Hobson, echoing what Marx had written half a century before, was prophesying disaster from this tendency to "under-consumption." But few heeded him as long as productive resources could be kept in almost full use in producing exports, to be used in financing profitable investments of British capital all over the world.

The contrast between this situation and the present situation of British industry in this Jubilee Year lies far less in changes of structure than in the altered relation of the British economic system to the outside world. Great structural changes there have been; but despite all the talk of "rationalisation" they mostly come to no more than the intensification and logical development of tendencies that were already active twenty-five years ago. The chief exceptions are where, as in agriculture and in the coal industry, or in electricity and London transport, the State has definitely stepped in to eliminate or limit competition, to enforce organised marketing and to raise prices, or actually to reorganise an industry or service under public control. But these instances are still exceptional; and for the rest combination, while it has advanced more swiftly than it could have done without war, has not radically altered its forms, or even its methods of operation.

The really fundamental change of the past quarter of a century has been not in structure but in attitude. A generation ago, industrialists, politicians and the general public still took industrial progress almost instinctively for granted. Despite foreign competition, they still looked with perfect confidence to a future of expanding markets, growing populations, and rapidly increasing production. Industrialists were well enough aware of the advantages of restricting supply in order to hold up prices; but restriction in those days, apart from purely temporary set-backs, was only a matter of slowing down the rate of increase, and not of positive recession. Whereas nowadays we can hear capitalist experts solemnly arguing that output ought to be permanently curtailed in order to avoid glutting the market, and protectionism has burgeoned in an atmosphere of national exclusiveness designed rather to secure for the home producer a larger share of the existing market than to provide for increasing consumption.

In this atmosphere, the trusts and combines and the State machine both work differently. Plenty becomes the enemy of profit in quite a new sense; for the maintenance of profit requires not merely a slower growth of plenty, but positive scarcity. Intensified foreign competition, especially from Japan, and the pursuit of economic nationalism in nearly all countries narrow the market for exports, and with this goes a contraction, almost a disappearance, of the investment of capital abroad. In order to keep costs down for purposes of foreign trade, wages must be prevented from rising; and this means a restricted home market which leaves too few openings for profitable domestic investment. So the State is invited to step in and create, by housing and other public works, a field for domestic profit. In order to maintain profits prices must be kept up in face of growing productivity, even while wages are being kept down. What Marx called the basic "contradictions of capital" begin to show themselves so plainly that they can no longer be concealed from common men.

Meanwhile Socialism becomes a positive menace to the controllers of the economic machine. In Great Britain at any rate, pre-war Socialism was hardly more than a Utopian creed, most of the advocates of which would have been fully satisfied to see the State nationalise one or two industries in an experimental way, granting meanwhile somewhat larger concessions by way of re-distributive taxation and expanded social services. Capitalism could not be effectively challenged as a system, even if it was failing to raise wages as productivity advanced, as long as it appeared to be prosperous and to be making new conquests. It needed war, prolonged depression, the entry of capitalism upon a defensive, restrictive, scarcity-mongering phase to convert Socialism in Great Britain from a theoretical creed into a practical political programme.

Even to-day that process of conversion is by no means complete. For though the past twenty-five years have seen the passing of the expansionist, progressive phase of British Capitalism, the abandonment of Free Trade and *laisser faire*, and the beginnings of an attempt to introduce State planning without changing the basis of industrial ownership and control, the British economic system has shown, in adversity, the immensity of the reserves of strength which remain to it from its early triumphs. Expansion may have ceased; but contraction has been, so far, successfully kept within limits, and the crisis of 1931 successfully overcome without disaster. Great Britain as an economic World Power declines, not catastrophically, but with a gradualness that leaves room for continued belief in the virtues of "gradualism." In this Jubilee Year, looking back on the past quarter of a century, the economic record is one of relative decline. We are richer than we were twenty-five years ago; but our advance in riches has not nearly kept pace with the advance in productivity that is within our grasp as a result of technical progress. We have lost a good deal of our position as the world's workshop and source of capital supply. But, unless new catastrophes occur, we have not lost our power to carry on, even without a change of system. And, as men make revolutions only when they must, we are still trying to patch things up instead of launching out on a new way of economic life. G. D. H. COLE

LITERATURE IN 1910

EVEN when one knows where most of the big rocks are, it is hard to guess at their contours and their relative sizes when the tide is up, filling the little bay, but there is no difficulty when the water has run away and the tide is out, leaving them all standing up high and dry. In the same way we can see who were the important writers twenty-five years ago and can judge their merits far more certainly then we can our contemporaries. Yet a reading of the literary pages of the *Nation* for 1910 reveals surprisingly few judgments with which one can quarrel and no bloomers comparable to the editorial diary note: *We suspect that the aeroplane is approaching the end of its career*, dated January 31st, 1910. It is easier to be proved wrong about life than about letters. However, since this is an admirable occasion to make a bloomer of the same sort, I shall say that in 1910 literature was in a far more healthy and productive state than it is to-day. If the tide went out now it would show that the new rocks which have tumbled off the cliffs are not half the size of the old ones which have been washed away.

Tolstoy died in November, 1910; after that there was no one who could speak for the whole of Russia; no one with unquestioned moral prestige in Europe to rebuke the blind sowers of dragons' teeth. But the greatest novelist of the world had long lost the desire to express himself in literature. Mankind did not lose a book but a friend; his death was like the fall of a gnarled oak that had sheltered us all our lives. After its fall we felt the East wind blowing across Europe.

If one believed in the transmigration of souls one might fancy that a small part of that immense, noble and contradictory soul passed immediately into the young school-teacher, the Nottingham coal-miner's son, D. H. Lawrence, who had just begun to contribute to the *English Review*. The same number of that astonishing monthly contained contributions by Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Maurice Baring—and by Ezra Pound.

Besides Tolstoy's, the most notable deaths in 1910 were those of Mark Twain and Björnson. Synge and Meredith had died the year before. Hardy had published the last volume of *The Dynasts* in 1908 and *Time's Laughing-Stocks* in 1909, but his greatness as a poet was disguised by an exaggerated view of his greatness as a novelist.

In 1910 the Poet Laureate was Alfred Austin who published that year a critical work, *The Bridling of Pegasus*. There was no Roy Campbell to say:

> "They use the snaffle and the curb all right
> But where's the bloody horse?"

But Austin's theory of extemporary composition was perhaps better than his practice. The most popular poets, after Kipling, were Sir Henry Newbolt and Alfred Noyes, but Stephen Phillips had rather lost his public. Bridges, who was to continue sitting on the manuscripts of Hopkins for another decade, was the poet of the more cultured. Yeats published *The Green Helmet* in 1910 and W. H. Davies his third volume of poetry, *Farewell to Poesy*, while an early poem of Rupert Brooke's appeared in the *Nation*. Alice Meynell published nothing; her best work was in any case written almost in her girlhood. The Georgian poets were just going to set about describing the joys of the breakfast table and the week-end cottage and Mr. Masefield to abandon *Saltwater Ballads* and *Ballads and Poems* (1910) for narrative poems told in forcible language. His *Pompey the Great* was published, and acted by the Stage Society in 1910. There were scarcely any more readers then than there are now for the poems of C. M. Doughty. *The Cliffs* had been published in 1909 and *The Clouds* was being written. They describe Zeppelins landing on the Downs in the language of Spenser.

The prose writers have weathered better. George Moore was writing *Ave* and published nothing, but W. H. Hudson published *A Shepherd's Life*, Henry James the collection of stories, *The Finer Grain*, Mrs. Wharton *Tales of Men and Ghosts* and Kipling *Rewards and Fairies*. Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* appeared serially in the *English Review* before publication in 1911. The year was marked by an astonishing number of good novels. Mr. E. M. Forster producing his fourth and most popular in *Howard's End* (he has only written one novel in the last quarter of a century), Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger* was one of his most serious and ambitious novels, and *The History of Mr. Polly* one of Wells's gayest, most charming and most characteristic. Mr. De La Mare's *Three Mulla Mulgars* was reviewed as a child's book, but I prefer it to *The Return* which came out the same year. Many people like to embark on very long spiritual pilgrimages; this appetite found satisfaction in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* which became the mental climate of thousands of English people for a year or two while it was being translated. There were two translations of books by Andreyev, but the real boom in Russian literature was to wait until further stimulated by fear of Germany and by better translations of Dostoevsky. Reading *The Brothers Karamazov* in 1912 was an unconscious spiritual preparation which enabled the British public to collaborate with the Russian Autocrat in defence of democracy.

In spite of such excursions, the reading public was far more insular; a much smaller proportion of educated people read French with pleasure and there were far fewer American writers. Henry James, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Jewett and Owen Wister all wrote of Europe or the Eastern seaboard. There had been stories of California and Texas, but the vast central area of the Middle West was inarticulate, for we cannot regard Mark Twain as its spokesman.

Mr. Galsworthy, who had reached his highest point as a novelist with *The Country House* and not yet begun his descent with *The Patrician*, produced the fine propagandist play *Justice*, Mr. Granville Barker *The Madras House*, while Shaw's *Showing Up of Blanco Posnet* of the previous year was to be followed by his delightful *Fanny's First Play* in 1911.

Popular novelists who published books during the year were Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphry Ward, William J. Locke, Robert Hugh Benson, John Buchan, Vachell, Quiller-Couch, Jack London and Sheila Kaye Smith. The best seller of the year may have been Richard Dehan's *The Dop Doctor*, while the one most characteristic of the false taste of the period was Maurice Hewlett's *Rest Harrow* which was pretentiously Meredithian in style. Meredith makes one of his characters call his heroine "a rogue in porcelain." Hewlett calls his own heroine "a nymph in tanagra."

Novelists of a much higher class, not in the front rank but to be taken seriously, were Henry Handel Richardson, who had published her second book, Ford Maddox Hueffer, Swinnerton, May Sinclair, Violet Hunt. *The Shadow of a Titan*, by A. F. Wedgwood, was a fine and powerful novel, but its author unfortunately wrote no more.

Among the satirists and essayists Mr. Belloc was the most distinguished and his *Pongo and the Bull* continued his merciless attacks on the Asquith Government, while his essays *On Something* contained delightfully funny sketches. Chesterton was responsible for perhaps the stupidest book of the year—a little book on Blake largely devoted to proving that Blake was mad by quoting his acutest sayings which were "unintelligible" to Mr. Chesterton. Such a work would be as impossible to-day as the outcry against the post-impressionists described on another page.

The foregoing list, which can be amply supplemented from memory by everyone over forty, shows well enough that great writers seldom represent the passing fashions or problems of their age but deal with the things which change very slowly, if at all. The writer who best represents 1910 is probably Maurice Hewlett—a poet and novelist now completely and deservedly forgotten. The worst side, then, was a falsification of values and of human emotions, connected no doubt with the shallow complacency of a civilisation which had not yet tumbled into the pit it was digging for itself: which did not even know that the pit was there. It was the age of optimism, of idealism, and of faith in progress which found its most

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distinguished expression in *The Ascending Effort* by George Bourne, the purpose of which was the identification of Taste with Conscience as the reforming energy of human life. The book was very widely read and had a considerable influence. Another very characteristic work was *Now!* by Charles Marriott, who described, with something of Mr. Forster's charm, a conspiracy against middle-class culture. The watch-word of the rebels, instead of *Now!* might well have been: *We won't dress for dinner.* The appeal of the book was naturally great.

Of all the books I have mentioned the one I like best is Hudson's *A Shepherd's Life*, but many others take a high place in literature. I doubt if the vintage of 1935 will seem anything like so good in 1960, but I hope I am wrong.

DAVID GARNETT

THE STAGE A JUBILEE AGO

[AN INTERVIEW WITH DESMOND MACCARTHY]

Interviewer: Can you recall the plays of 1910?

D. M.: I wish you would throw a little surprise into your voice. I should like to hear you say, "Can *you* remember the plays of 1910?"—like that. Well, I can: and plays twenty years before that. I went very often to the theatre as a boy.

You see, I've armed myself against your coming with a Whitaker's Almanack of 1911, which contains a retrospective survey of the preceding theatrical year. It has reminded me of some plays I thought I had quite forgotten.

Int.: But the *New Statesman* did not start till April, 1913. You were not a dramatic critic in 1910?

D. M.: No: but I had written dramatic criticisms for *The Speaker* before it turned into *The Nation*, and I had published the only book I ever wrote about the stage, *The Court Theatre*. Yes, 1910 was a professional interlude for me, but I kept on going. Do you know this story about Thackeray? "Don't you love the play?" he asked a friend. "Yes, I like a good one." "Confound you. You don't even *understand* what I mean," Thackeray replied. In 1910 I "loved the play." Now I'm afraid, like Thackeray's friend, I tend to enjoy only good plays—and I'm not sure that that's not a disqualification for criticising *any*—good or bad. If I were an editor, I'd now probably sack myself. I enjoyed some of the bad ones of 1910 very much indeed.

Int.: For instance?

D. M.: Well, *The Speckled Band* by Conan Doyle—though it shocked me.

Int.: Shocked you?

D. M.: Yes, there were details most uncanonical. Then there was Comyns Carr's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Oh, you should just have seen H. B. Irving in the double role! Hyde was perhaps ridiculously over-repulsive, but the agonies of the rosy-gilled doctor with a cast of slyness in his eye, were portrayed with an intensity . . . in fact, H. B. showed that he had so much of his father in him that he presently revived *Robert Macaire*. I don't think it went well; the part challenged comparisons too directly. Then, there was too, a trivial adaptation from the French, *Inconstant George*, made hugely enjoyable by the art of Charles Hawtrey.

Int.: That reminds me of a question I meant to ask you. Do you think acting was better in 1910 than it is in 1935?

D. M.: I can't answer that. To judge acting you must "love the play" in Thackeray's sense, and haven't I just said that I am more like Thackeray's friend than I was in 1910? All I'll venture on is this: there is no comedian to-day as completely accomplished in his own line as Hawtrey, or as beautifully elegant in serio-comedy as Wyndham was. Wyndham, by the bye, though he had become dreadfully hoarse, was still repeating old parts in 1910. Ah, Hawtrey, Hawtrey! If the meaning of the word "acting" is confined to impersonating characters other than the actor's own, Hawtrey was not a great actor. He always presented *himself*. But his personality was a singularly attaching one, and he presented it with delicate and finished tact. His relation to his parts, that is to say to himself, was ever that of the artist. He was detached—how rare this is!—even from his own *charm*. That made it potent, disarming. Whatever the failings of the character he represented, Hawtrey always managed to be by miles and miles the most amiable figure on the stage; and yet his performance was without trace of personal vanity or egotism. His art within its limits was extraordinarily sure. That unemphatic spontaneity was highly professional, with its nicely calculated pauses and good-humoured relish of the jokes put into his mouth. He *never* let us down. On the contrary, he saved many a poor little situation. He had a remarkable gift for pathos, too. He could suggest a soft-hearted stricken man by just fumbling with his hat. His odd appealing look, as of a seal that has seen a great deal of trouble, served him well at such moments. And what a master he was of the sudden communicative impulse—the urgent rush of emotion in one who habitually understates, under-expresses everything—in the easy, cosy self-indulgent gentleman! I can still recall his cry in *The Messenger from Mars*, "Halves, partner, halves!" (That was before 1910, by the bye.) I can hear that cry *now;* and, if you weren't here, I'd feel again a shiver at my neck and the pressure of tears behind my eyes. He could lie and cajole with amusing babbling eagerness, and, when occasion demanded, look hopelessly dense, which would throw into brilliant relief the next moment some flash of shrewdness, self-confidence, sensibility. He could marry comedy to farce, a very rare gift.

Int.: So you do think there were better actors when King George began to reign?

D. M.: No: I won't say that. Look at Cedric Hardwicke, look at Charles Laughton! And, I keep telling you the surface of my sensibility is now like a pond that has been skated over all day—not a spot left on it to receive a clean deep scratch. I can't judge; I can't compare. But I think this may be true. There were then perhaps more actresses who had their share of the aplomb and finish we honoured publicly the other day in Miss Marie Tempest: Miss Fanny Brough, for instance, who threw herself away year after year on Drury Lane melodramas, or Miss Gertrude Kingston who founded her "Little Theatre" in 1910, and played on her own stage a version of (does this make you jump?) *The Lysistrata*. (The Women's Movement was in full swing and Aristophanes was much to the point.) Miss Kingston also made a hit in *Just to Get Married*, another play about woman's predicament. By the bye, Whitaker tells me that nine plays by women were performed in 1910: *Chains*, *Priscilla Runs Away*, *The Way the Money Goes*, *Nobody's Daughter*, *Just to Get Married*, *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, *Maw, or the Squab Lady*, *Inconstant George* (adapted by Miss Unger), and *The Naked Truth*, written in collaboration with W. B. Maxwell. I don't know that it would be exceptional to find nine plays by women in any theatrical year *now*, but in 1910 it was something new. (*Pause.*) Well, is *this* worth recording? Nineteen-Ten was also the year when plays about children began to have a prodigious attraction: there was a glorious revival of *Peter Pan* (Miss Pauline Chase and Miss Hilda Trevelyan) and Herbert Trench at the Haymarket put on Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, and somebody wrote a play about children, performed by children, called *Where Children Rule*—probably silly. Is there any general interest in that? Sociological or what not? (*Pause.*) Go on: prod me. (*Pause.*) You're a very unresponsive interviewer. Nineteen-Ten was also the year the music halls began to become "distinguished." "The Palace" leading. A law was passed permitting them to present short plays and Henry Arthur Jones wrote one on purpose. Pavlova and Mordkin danced at "The Palace." Isn't that a symptom, a pointing-forward? "The Russians are coming, hurrah, hurrah; the Russians are coming, hurrah!" . . . Yet I owe them a grudge. The Russian Ballet was destined to absorb, side-track, all the little aesthetic

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passion available in London for the Poetic Drama. Much as I enjoyed them, I wish to Heaven they had never set a foot in this country. Well, William Archer, hearing that the tone of the music-halls had been miraculously raised—went to "The Palace" for *The Nation*. He was not a man to enjoy the spectacle of a centipede of girls agitating their frillies, or do more than coldly mark the adroitness of Miss Vesta Tilley. Poor Archer went, and brought back such gems of humour as, "We don't call 'em suffragettes any more. We call 'em Sunny Jims. Why? 'Cos they're fed by force." ("Force" was a patent food much advertised in pictures of a bald man, "Sunny Jim," leaping over obstacles.) But look here, you're not steering me at all.

Int.: What of it? You're giving an idea of the Stage in 1910—atmosphere.

D. M.: But I'm leaving out *all* the important things, and *the* Important Thing out.

Int.: Well, what's that?

D. M.: *That Nineteen-Ten was a crushing disappointment;* an extinguisher to the hopes, the reasonable hopes, of those who were expecting England's drama to become as vital as her literature and poetry. You don't know what had gone before. (*Pause.*) Well, first look round the theatres in 1910. There are the Irish Players. They had appeared before (that's part of my point) and in 1910 they gave *The Tinker's Wedding*, Synge's *Deirdre*, Yeats' *Green Helmet* and that excellent forgotten play by Padraic Colum, which Turgenev would not have been ashamed to sign, *John Musgrave;* the Manchester Repertory was also on foot, reviving *The Silver Box* and Hankin's plays; that angel of munificence, Lord Howard de Walden, had planted an enthusiastic poet, Herbert Trench, in the Haymarket in full control; and, above all, at the Duke of York's, Charles Frohman, a good American with half-a-dozen theatres in his pocket, had opened, under the direction of Granville-Barker and Dion Boucicault a London Repertory Theatre! You don't understand what a triumph that was? How much hope it meant? From the end of February to the end of June the London Repertory produced *Justice*, *Misalliance*, *Old Friends* and *The Twelve Pound Look* (Barrie's best short plays), *The Sentimentalists* by Meredith, *The Madras House*, *Trelawney of the Wells*, *Prunella*, *Helena's Path* (Anthony Hope), *Chains*. No public support. The Haymarket, too, ran wastefully to seed. Granville Barker went on producing here and there Ibsen, Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, Shaw, Schnitzler, himself, Hardy—then the war. Don't you see the disappointment of 1910 now? The brilliant small-scale effort of "The Court Theatre" seemed to be leading up to a triumph in 1910. The responsive intelligent public had become (apparently) really keen about the stage. They had been furious at not being allowed by the Censor to see *Mrs. Warren's Profession* because it was about a brothel keeper, *Blanco Posnet* because a horse-stealer in the ecstasy of a religious conversion did not express his sense of the divine in decorous language, *Waste* because the plot turned on an off-stage illegal operation, *Oedipus Rex* or *The Cenci* because of the idea of incest involved, *Damaged Goods* or *Ghosts* because venereal disease was involved, *Monna Vanna* because the heroine was supposed to have no clothes on beneath her cloak. There was such an urge behind the drama-movement in the first decade that a Royal Commission was appointed to examine into the Censorship. There was hardly an author or dramatist of note in England who did not sign the protest. Nothing was done, but it gave the Censor a fright and indicated that the Drama seemed of some importance to many.

Int.: But do you really think that the Censor is in any way responsible for the drama not becoming—well—what it might be?

D. M.: Of course: manacles on the mind are fatal to the practice of any art. The Censorship had nothing to do with that indifference of the public in 1910 I've been talking about, though indirectly by putting dramatists in their place, it has a perpetual lowering effect on their prestige. But look at the humbug of the institution! Once interest in a banned play has dropped, it is allowed. *Ghosts*, *Mrs. Warren*, now the time when there was a receptive response to them is over, are—permitted. *Damaged Goods* was actually subsidised during the war, because it then appeared desirable that the public should be aware of some of the consequences of venereal disease. "What do think of that my cat? What do think of that my dog?" The responsibility of censorship makes everybody who exercises it trivial and vulgar. I've been a censor myself; I know all about that. You reminded me I was not a dramatic critic in 1910. In the autumn of that year I was secretary to the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition; I went abroad with Roger Fry to collect the pictures. We knew there would be a hubble-bubble about the Cézannes, Matisses, Gauguins, Bonnards, Van Goghs. One of the ways in which I was useful was in acting the part of M. Le Public. In the case of the nudes I sometimes gave an opinion as to whether or not there was too much emphasis on pubic hair! In short, I became vulgar. Even then I remember an art critic sidling up to me at the private view and saying (extraordinarily base little man!) with a sort of titter, "Pewer Pernography." But I've talked enough. What I chiefly remember about the dramatic year 1910 is that it contained a crushing disappointment.

ART IN 1910

FOR the purpose of this article the death of his late Majesty, King Edward VII, fell most luckily. By the end of 1910 English painting and connoisseurship had been thrown into confusion by the somewhat tardy discovery of what had been going on in Paris for a decade. But in the spring of that year—six months before the opening of the first Post-Impressionist exhibition—there were not, I dare say, fifty people in England who had looked into the work of Cézanne, while perhaps even fewer had heard and remembered the names of Matisse and Picasso. "Looked into" I am obliged to say, because all English people with pretentions to taste and culture had looked at pictures by Cézanne in the Caillebotte room of the Luxembourg, which in 1910 was still the place of reference for intelligent amateurs of contemporary painting. Impressionism held the field: Renoir, Degas, Monet and Rodin were recognised by the intellectual and aesthetic upper classes as the great living masters; and in England, where his influence was still considerable, Whistler was commonly supposed to have been not only one of the great Impressionists but one of the founders of Impressionism. This strange notion persists in out-of-the-way places still; I came upon it only the other day in a book, by Mr. Swinnerton I think.

During the last years of King Edward's reign we were living in the carcase of a dead movement. The swarm of bees was hatching, but it was hatching inside the lion. We thought and felt as people in such circumstances are almost sure to think and feel. We were tolerably aesthetic and consciously refined. Whistlerian ghosts, long in form, low in tone, and infinitely distinguished so far as the frames went, still effaced themselves on our pale grey walls, with here and there a Japoneserie, like the riband of the Legion of Honour in the buttonhole of a dinner jacket, to give a discreet touch of colour. It was in such a setting that Miss Vanessa Stephen and I—for a scrap of autobiography here is what will serve my purpose best—found ourselves thrown together at a Kensington dinner-party, joint reprobates, because in the Guildhall exhibition we preferred a Rubens to a Van Dyck. A year or two later we put ourselves outside the pale for good by buying a couple of drawings by a young painter called Augustus John when for the same money we might have had a drawing by a Mr. Cole whose work Sir Sidney Colvin was unable to distinguish from that of Michelangelo. This Augustus John had already horrified elderly artistic London and excited us youth by showing at the New English Art Club a picture called *Seraphita*. It must have been about 1908 that I bought a large oil-painting of his called *The Infant*

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CONSTABLE

Pyramus. This was the first big picture I had ever bought, and one of the first, I believe, that John had sold. As I have said, we were excited, and I think we did well to be excited.

The New English Art Club stood for what was then modern and intelligent in English painting. For the most part its members derived inspiration, directly or indirectly, from the Impressionists: mostly they were followers of followers of the masters. Steer was the great man. Now the art of Steer, at its best, is always derivative; it may lean on the French Impressionists, or it may lean on Gainsborough and Constable, or it may lean on both. It seems to me now that about the year 1910 it must generally have been at its worst, apt to be purely personal, which is as much as to say apt to be nothing. I recall one big picture of his, *The End of a Chapter*, painted about this time and exposed at the New English, which to his admirers was positively shocking in its unaccentuated emptiness. In such company the appearance of John came as a portent: a portent, I surmise, which disquieted considerably some of the older members. To be sure, he had been influenced respectably by Puvis de Chavannes; but he had been influenced more profoundly by Picasso, and the old gang, though they had never heard of Picasso, disliked his influence when they got a taste of it. John's talent was undeniable, vigorous and, at that time, uncompromising. He was generally reckoned a revolutionary. I do not, and did not, think he was the best English painter alive—for one thing there was Sickert—but in 1910 he was the most conspicuous figure in English painting.

If memory serves me—there are plenty of people to put me right where I am wrong—the New English painters most admired in 1910 were, besides those I have named, William Rothenstein, Orpen, Nicholson, James Pryde and Lavery. Then there was Innes, a young follower of John; Brough, who was killed in a railway accident; and Lightfoot and Derwent Lees who also died untimely. Miss Ethel Walker was even then the interesting and erratic artist she has remained. McEvoy, Chowne, Russell and Connard were pillars of the society; but McEvoy did not yet enjoy that vogue as a fashionable portrait-painter which turned his head during the war and made of a sympathetic if feeble artist a popular success. Professor Tonks, I think, was never taken very seriously as a painter, but quite clever people considered him a great teacher: Robert Ross going so far as to describe him as the Squarcione of the age.

It was in Burlington House that the meretricious portraits of Sargent were to be seen; it was in Mayfair and those parts of the world which take their taste from Mayfair that they were admired. A robuster section of the gallery-going public preferred the work of Brangwyn, a more homely that of J. J. Shannon: of these two painters little is now thought and nothing need be said. This J. J. Shannon, by the way, is not to be confused with Charles, who, with his friend, Ricketts, cultivated an esoteric glory in the wilds of West Kensington. Shannon was a painter of no appreciable merit, and, as a painter, Ricketts was not much better. But Ricketts was a man of intellect and perception who had to be reckoned with: my notion (which may well be false) is that, aware of his own impotence, he hoped to make of Shannon the reed through which he would transmit the music that was in him. It cannot be said that he realised this ambitious dream; whether the fault lay in the instrument or the instrumentalist or in both I cannot tell.

Two other painters whose reputations were cherished by a small, select public were Melville and Crowhall. But all could enjoy Max Beerbohm's caricatures, a few of which were generally to be seen at the New English; though even then there were some who realised that, as drawings, they were nothing extraordinary, and that it was the delicious wit of the legends that gave them point. Max Beerbohm, Ricketts, and Shannon were attractions at the New English without being essentially New Englanders. It is significant that Duncan Grant, then a very young artist, never showed an oil-painting there. The tide was on the turn. It must have been in

1909 or thereabouts that I bought his *Lemon Gatherers*, now in the Tate. In 1911 he did send a picture to the New English, but it was howled down to cries of "Van Gogh!" "Van Gogh!" for, since the first Post-Impressionist exhibition the New English had become definitely respectable. Duncan Grant's earliest pictures were shown at the short-lived Friday Club, of which Henry Lamb and Vanessa Bell were original members, and to which Roger Fry, who had not yet discovered Post-Impressionism, contributed some extremely elegant water-colours rather in the manner of Girtin. The Friday Club not only arranged exhibitions but held meetings for aesthetic discussion, in which Roger Fry, Maynard Keynes, Rupert Brooke, Walter Lamb, Hilton Young and, I suppose, Bernard Shaw took part. Neville Lytton was an important painter-member, and we used to admire the drawings in sanguine of Miss Monsell (Mrs. Bernard Darwin): I sometimes wonder what she is doing with her talent now.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibitions to be seen at this time were those given every Saturday afternoon in Walter Sickert's studio in Camden Town. The artists, who were generally present in person to give us tea and display each others' wares, had not yet, I think, dubbed themselves the Camden Town Group. Sickert was, of course, their chief. Though naturally he was not so famous as he is to-day, already he was greatly admired by all intelligent amateurs. Also his wit and social talents made him welcome in cultivated circles where his art, created by a less attractive human being, might have gone unnoticed. He was a figure of distinction, not without glamour, who advertised his exhibitions in the *Westminster Gazette* with eulogistic cuttings from the French papers, printed in French. And it was he who brought a discriminating and, what is more, purchasing public to that dingy studio in a dingy street. Arrived there, one found plenty to look at besides the master and his works. Spenser Gore, one of the most promising artists of the day, was generally treated as second in command: then came Lucien Pissarro, Gilman, Ginner, Thérèse Lessore, Albert Rothenstein and others. Gore's early death was a great misfortune. Pissarro and Ginner are both, I am glad to say, alive and active, and both, I am sorry to say, under-rated. But, somehow, most of these painters seemed unable to assimilate the new stimulant from France; they were submerged, for a time, at any rate, by the flood of Post-Impressionism. Only Gore was able to profit by the new discoveries; he contributed to the second Grafton Gallery exhibition, and had he lived would undoubtedly have gone further. But amongst the most interesting names of the next generation one looks in vain for those of Camden Towners; it is a surprising discovery, and slightly depressing.

CLIVE BELL

PRE-WAR MUSICAL AUDIENCES

THE true history of music in England would be written not round music but round the English audience. A fascinating but dangerous subject! For, however modest personally, we tend as a nation to take pride in our crowds. Those at Ascot are the smartest, at a Cup Final the most sporting, at theatres and concert-halls the best behaved and most intelligent. Since the eighteenth century, in fact (when things were deplorably different), we have developed this ideal of the collective gentleman, who always appears at his best in public, so that now it is one of our touchiest points.

But how much of our sporting activity is really sporting, how much of our musical activity genuinely musical? So far as music is concerned, at any rate, the answer is by no means easy. Look round, when next you go to the Albert Hall, and decide, if you can, whether the majority of those present are enjoying the music, what reasons social or snobbish have brought others, how many again are vaguely in search of an experience which they must know will never be theirs. The last mood, I fancy, is more prevalent than we generally admit.

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A capacity for boredom is the worst fault of the average concert-goer, and it presents a blank wall to musicians with original ideas in this country.

Thus, when we look back to 1910 as a year of musical activity in England, the most striking thing is not the appearance of one or two new pieces (Elgar's violin concerto, for example), but an early attempt on the part of Sir Thomas Beecham to knock a hole in the Sunday afternoon tastes of English audiences. He gave two seasons of opera at Covent Garden, one at His Majesty's, and made a tour of the provinces, from Blackpool to Brighton, lasting six weeks. At the first of these, in January, the operas performed were: *Elektra* (first performance in London), *Tristan*, *The Wreckers*, *A Village Romeo and Juliet* (first performance in London), *L'Enfant Prodigue*, *Hänsel and Gretel*, *Ivanhoe* and *Carmen*: a pretty good choice, with Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* and *The Wreckers* thrown in to make it look British enough for the time, and a number of English singers on the stage. The conductors were Beecham, Strauss and Bruno Walter. *Elektra* was a success, Delius's *A Village Romeo and Juliet*—a much better work which deserves performance to-day—failed both with the critics and the public.

In March, he gave a short season of Mozart's operas, *Seraglio*, *Figaro*, *Cosi Fan Tutte*, sung in English, at His Majesty's. This was apparently the first "Mozart Festival" ever held in London; *Seraglio* had not been heard since 1881, and *Cosi Fan Tutte* since 1841. It was amiably received, although one critic remarked that "if only Mr. Beecham could get hold of a good English opera, we should have a chance of establishing a National opera."

Mozart was played again at Beecham's third season in October after he had returned from his provincial tour: this time, *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. The other operas included *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Strauss's *Salome*, which was a wild popular success, chiefly on account of its subject, which had brought it under the pencil of the censor, so that when it appeared on the stage the action was almost completely unintelligible. The net result of all three seasons—an innovation which would have roused any musically minded public to enthusiasm—was failure; not even the "wild success" of Strauss, or "the fainter delights of Mozart," could redeem it; and Beecham issued a manifesto to which there were dignified replies in the newspapers.

The popular opera of the year—and of many other years—had been *Samson and Delilah*, which, graduating from the sacred platform to the operatic stage, came as a relief to those who as a matter of course had listened at the various festivals to the innumerable *Golgothas*, *Mystic Trumpeters*, and *Ossians* of the native school. Saint Saëns himself, aged seventy-seven, visited London in 1910 and appeared in person at the opera and on concert platforms. His works were being played everywhere. It was a "French" year: César Franck being then at the height of his fame, with Lalo, D'Indy, Massenet following after. Even Debussy was played a good deal, but in such company his colours seemed cold.

The body of critical opinion favoured, of course, the nineteenth-century romantics; centenaries of Schumann and Chopin fell within a few months of one another; Brahms' influence, both with critics and academical composers, was colossal (we have not escaped it yet). The attempts of Beecham, not only with opera, but with performances of Berlioz, Mozart and Delius (a complete Delius concert in 1911), make only a very small dint in the routine programmes of celebrity concerts, British music festivals, galas, promenades, which suggest a renaissance more of the Territorial kind than of any real musical feeling. Academy professors got a hearing for their Empire Odes as well as their oratorios. Elgar, in fact, is the only figure of any dimensions that emerges comfortably from this welter of patriotic activity, reminding us, with the rather negative nobility of his best work, of a finer Galsworthy.

In England, at all events, it was a year with few important musical occasions. Delius's *A Village Romeo and Juliet* was already three years old before Beecham succeeded in getting it produced here; his *Brigg Fair* was performed during 1910—not in London but in Dresden. Brahms' songs could be heard nearly every day of the week—but what of Hugo Wolf, who was at least known to English musicians through Mr. Ernest Newman's book on him? And what of Sibelius, who had twice come to England in 1908–9?

It had the deficiencies and varied excitements of a pre-war London season. Busoni paid us a visit; Melba sang in *Otello*; the Queen's Hall was occupied for a week by Sousa giving farewell performances of *El Capitan*; Henry Wood was knighted at the end of his sixteenth season of promenades; and Dr. Ethel Smyth composed a *Songs of Sunrise*, celebrating with a choir of unaccompanied female voices the onward march of the Suffragettes.

G. W. STONIER

PRE-WAR PUBLISHING

WHEN I try to recover the atmosphere of the publishing world of five-and-twenty years ago, the screen of memory is flooded by a single persistent picture. Anticipating history, it is both a moving and a talking film; but motion and voices alike are muffled and drowsy, as of a world in which it seems always afternoon. The scene is the board room of Stationers Hall; the occasion a meeting of the Council of the Publishers' Association. Under Benjamin West's preposterous painting of King Alfred, perennially breaking bread, some odd dozen grave, deliberate publishers are labouring through a lengthy agenda sheet. Gently guiding them, the courteous beadle of the Stationers Company ticks off item after item. An impenetrable air of decorum pervades the proceedings. Now and again the calm is shattered by a bouncing interjection from the mercurial William Heinemann, only to be checked at once by the judicial demur of Reginald Smith, K.C. . . . "*Ultra vires*, Mr. President, I think. A distinct case of *non possumus!* . . ." Ernest Hodder Williams surreptitiously nudges my elbow, and begins to cover his writing-pad with sympathetic jets of classicism. "*Ne plus ultra*," I see him scribbling; "*Sine qua non. Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" The slumbrous atmosphere reasserts itself. After a couple of hours or so, the last problem is solved. The beadle gathers his papers together. Hodder Williams and I spring to attention, and slip off to share an indifferent tea on Ludgate Hill. Another Council Meeting is over, and nobody seems one whit the worse. So the wheel of authority revolved, at the hub of publishing, in the year of grace, 1910.

Of course life was not all like that, even then: in his own office every publisher was a more individual, more vital being than he troubled to prove himself in conclave. Nor, even in its official capacity, had the Publishers' Association long enjoyed this conviction of peace and prosperity. For the moment it was in a backwater, resting on its oars; but it had come through stormy straits during the early years of the century. First, there had been the struggle for the Net Book Agreement, the successful issue of which will always be associated with the valiant persistence of Sir Frederick Macmillan. And then, the Book War against the *Times*, when Edward Bell, as President of the Association, had rallied the combined forces of the trade, kept his head and his temper, and carried the day by sheer virtue of tact and fortitude. The prevailing calm owed so much to those two achievements that they demand a few words of explanation.

The Net Book Agreement was a contract by which publishers bound themselves to refuse supply of their books to any bookseller who had not covenanted not to sell them retail under the fixed, published price. Before the Agreement became obligatory, the vice of under-selling had assumed an absolutely suicidal aspect. The new system was not established without much controversy; but it proved itself the Magna Carta of bookselling. Then the *Times* started its Book Club, a lending library to which every annual sub-

scriber to the paper would have access without additional payment, would be guaranteed the delivery of new books without delay, and could further enjoy the privilege of buying used copies at reduced prices on a scale graduated according to the time the volumes had been in circulation. "Clean and uninjured, virtually as good as new," was the tempting phrase—an evasion, if not an actual infringement of the essence of the Net Book Agreement. The entire book trade rose in revolt; but the new library declined to be bound by any dictation to its own terms of selling goods which it had bought; and (in Edward Bell's own words) "The dogs of war being thus let loose, a terrible amount of barking and snarling ensued." It was a bitter, and a long, struggle, disfigured by some ugly, and some absurd, features; but it ended in complete triumph for the Publishers and Booksellers, a triumph which drew all branches of the trade together in mutual confidence and satisfaction.

And indeed, although the retrospect may be somewhat enchanted by the magic of distance, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the world of publishing went very well in those last years before the war. We were treading a carpet of the softest velvet. The cost of production was very low, and the bookseller's discount very small. The working printer, no doubt, was not getting a living wage out of the ordinary 6*s.* novel; the compositor and the machinist were underpaid. The bookseller also was quite inadequately recompensed. But as yet that was no affair of the publisher. He bought and sold in the best market. His overhead charges had not yet become an anxiety. Display advertising was on nobody's programme. Such advertising as there was, set out to sell books, not to minister to the vanity of authors—much less to beguile that elusive will-o'-the-wisp, "House Publicity," which has brought the roofs of so many houses about the occupants' ears. We used to reckon that a novel would cover expenses on a sale of just under 1,000 copies. *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!* as Reginald Smith might have said with justification. The publisher who turns back to an old account-book of a quarter of a century ago, and casts up the profit and loss upon some inconspicuous novel, long since gone to dust and dreams, may well breathe a sigh of chastened resignation to-day.

But the most comfortable feature of publishing in those days was the spirit of good fellowship, high courtesy, and mutual trust which inspired its daily activities, a spirit not a little aided by the social gatherings of the Publishers' Circle, of which I may speak with some degree of intimacy, since my colleagues did me the honour of electing me its first chairman. It was originally a lunching club, assembled to discuss points of business which the Council of the Publishers' Association seemed to consider beneath their dignity, but which the founders of the Circle believed to be of primary importance in the day's work. Such points included an undertaking not to entice away one another's authors; to compare notes upon the airy figures and promises of literary agents; to estimate the best organs for advertising; the details of trade terms; and the justice of the booksellers' claims. The luncheon itself was a modest affair; in fact we were continually changing our venue, because when some one complained of the quality of the food, one manager after another shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, gentlemen, really the arrangement does not pay us. The publishers drink so very little." But after all we had not come to drink, but to discuss affairs of state, and in the hope of arriving at a better understanding of each other's methods, experiences and beliefs.

Has the spirit of those days quite evaporated? Perhaps not; but I wish we could see a little more of it now; and with it a return to those higher courtesies of business, and a closer and more stable alliance between publisher and author. The author of to-day has no continuing city; he is a hiker, with scrip and scrippage in his pack. To keep him for more than a single enterprise, or at best beyond the limits of a short contract, the publisher must concentrate his energies on sustaining the semblance of a "boost." The author must be

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flattered by the belief that he is being kept continually in the public eye; the publisher must tap every available channel of publicity, at one moment by the exercise of diplomacy, at the next by the expenditure of treasure. So a publicity manager is added to the publisher's staff, and a sales manager to test the effect of the publicity manager's activities; and there are rivalry and competition in the office no less than in the street. Is there any other trade in the country so riddled by shots of its own firing?

Twenty-five years ago, in the amiable unity of Stationers Hall, we seem to have been steering under a steadier star. The ideal of the "commencing" publisher of that day was surely longer-sighted and more prudent than his rival's in this year of Jubilee. His first object then was to furnish his list with what used to be called "bread-and-butter" books—books with a permanent value and a steady sale, educational works, histories, guide-books, new editions of the classics, and so on; and time has proved that such as these were better investments than all the "best sellers," for which exorbitant prices have to be paid, and feverish energy expended, if the plunger is to come off without loss. Could the secrets of all counting houses be laid bare to-day, it would be found that the firms which still display the most prosperous balance-sheets are those that have held by the standards of sound commerce, sound literature, and sound honesty as between neighbours and friends. It is still the good thing that lasts. It always will be. And, if publishing is to be saved from the scrambling, scuffling, "get-rich-quick" methods of the blind speculator, it will be by its own infallible revelation of the policy which pays best in the end. The old prosperity will still wait upon the proven courtesies of judgment, of patience, and of social and commercial decency.

ARTHUR WAUGH

SCIENCE IN 1910

IT is hard to describe the character of Science at any specific date. For the only possible definition, in which can be included all the specialised studies which claim the name, is the experimental and analytic method applied to natural phenomena.

Yet if we accept Huxley's popular and telling description, "Science is organised common sense," then it is possible to say that Science in 1910 was characterised by a certain temper of repressed apprehension. Organised common sense had been extended, strained until it had reached the breaking point. Still, in the main, scientists continued to believe that the common sense, imaginable materialist frame would continue to hold the pieces. It was only three years since the death of Lord Kelvin, the master of physics, who said he could not think about any physical event unless he could make in his imagination a mechanical model of it.

Sir James Dewar, who was still in authority, was openly intolerant of the immaterial speculations which were beginning to be made by the younger men. When they talked about what the work of Röntgen, the Curies and Thompson must signify, he would cut in brusquely that it was time discussion returned to real science. All this stuff was fancy. Indeed it seemed probable that "classical physics" might yet be vindicated. X-rays were making matter look a little thin. Radium had caused the medieval ghost of Alchemy to stir again in the shadows. Matter, though shaking loose, was however, still granular. The electron might still act as the ultimate grain—in place of the atom. The view that "energy is everything" was still metaphysics not physics. In fact Röntgen himself as late as 1906 considered the whole electron theory as an improbable and highly speculative hypothesis while the researchers themselves, such as Thompson and Lenard, stressed the corpuscular nature of this then the ultimate particle. The "oil drop experiment" carried out in 1909 may, however, be said to mark the date when "Matter is Electricity" first became certain to free minds. Two more years were to pass and in 1911 Rutherford was to make his first picture of the Solar-System atom which may be called the last stage of picturable matter—after that ultimate matter became unimaginable. Classical Physics was then uneasy but still unaware how near it was to derangement. Astronomy also could detect the first penumbral shadow beginning to creep over the bright inhuman exactitude of its field. A lustrum had passed since Einstein's first great paper. But even if astronomers had wished to foresee the collapse of the two great supports of their common-sense scaffold they could not have conceived the oncoming revolution. Nevertheless, it was plain that some plot was being hatched which might settle that awkward little mystery of the Mercurial orbit and that this clean-up might be at grave cost to the common-sense outlook. Rare cases make hard Natural Law and peace of mind counsels let sleeping anomalies lie. Quite apart from the risk of superstition exploiting the overthrow of the old simple objectivity, few experts wish to see their own subject become more complex.

The Sciences of Life were also uneasy. Bateson's new subject, Genetics, had upset the "classical biology." His revival of Mendel's work had divided biologists on what till then had been an accepted doctrine, the mechanism of evolution. The biological meetings at which he and his followers advanced their claims against the traditionalists had about them something of the fire and heat of Conciliar controversy. This dispute was symptomatic of a deeper cleavage. Biology was feeling its way to an assertion of independence. It was beginning to realise that it must claim the right to sink its own shaft onto the seam of reality and not to approach the face through the workings and toll gate of Physics. On the same ground, that Science is not *a priori* but empirical, new studies were also beginning to claim the status of sciences. "Science is measurement," said Karl Pearson. Very well, the psychologists would show they could measure, too, and dealt with measurable facts. Psychology began to assert it was a Science. Hypnotic technique could raise blisters on the living flesh under laboratory conditions. The mind must be studied without mechanistic assumptions as the world must be studied without anthropomorphic prejudices. The first International Conference of Psycho-analysis was held in 1908. Yet the significance of Freud is not as a revolutionary explorer but rather as a bridge-builder—a pontiff between psychology and the mechanistic outlook which through physiology dominated medicine. He suggested to doctors how they might still be good mechanists and yet extricate themselves from the materialistic outlook which, for instance, Sherrington's work on the brain was already hinting had less and less future.

Finally, anthropology also was beginning to suspect that the description of all alien peoples as obviously suffering from a complete misapprehension of the world they live in, was itself a provincial, pre-anthropological attitude. The first society the student of man ought to study objectively is his own, to be certain that he has "calculated for his own displacement."

In short, 1910 sees the dawn of a new objectivity in all science. The scientist is to study not only his subject but himself as he approaches his subject. This, of course, is to complicate immensely the whole effort. To-day, after twenty-five years, we cannot guess the outcome. The physicists who began it have also the simplest part of the task. The Seer here does not become so involved with the Seen. They therefore in the main accepted the new universe. The biologists are more involved with their study: their task is therefore more difficult and certainly they resent change more. The psychologists have spent their quarter of a century in vigorous, amusing and stimulating controversy.

In retrospect, Science in 1910 seems dull. One may question, however, whether had the scientists of the time been able to look on to 1935, they would have chosen to exchange their less fertile but clear-cut certainties for our fecund limbo.

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A HERO OF OUR TIME

In Search of History. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

We are so inquisitive about our fellow-creatures that a truthful autobiography is very seldom found to be dull. This readiness to be charmed by every authentic account tends to prevent us from distinguishing between the good and the better. It is not only that we feel gratitude for the good and praise it so lavishly that we have no words left, but that we lack a criterion to distinguish between lives which are all almost equally interesting. Thus we easily fall back upon the vulgar standards of judging autobiographies by what their authors have done, whom they have met, by their personal charm, or by the highbrow standard of literary merit. Obviously a gift for self-expression is essential, but one has not said much when one has pointed that out. The real distinction seems to me to be between those who tell us a series of events like separate beads strung upon the thread of one life, and those more philosophic characters who can see the events of their lives as a progression, an inevitable development in which every incident is related to their sum of experience. It is rare for men to be able to see a purpose in their lives, yet, since every human being is a selective agent and since the changes which take place in him are to some extent the result of his own choice, there must always be a secret purpose. Henry Adams had this capacity of seeing where he was going and describing the development of his ideas in an almost unique degree; it is that which lifts *The Education of Henry Adams* so far above most autobiographies, and it is that which makes Mr. Wells's autobiography so far more valuable than a mere catalogue of his experiences. The same quality, though in a less degree, distinguishes Mr. Vincent Sheean's *In Search of History*. It is, indeed, a book which is first rate by all the standards I have mentioned—the author's charm of character, the exciting nature of his adventures and the interesting people he has met are no doubt the reasons for its instantaneous success in the United States. A vast number will read it as they do an adventure story, or for the vivid pictures of great men that it contains.

Mr. Sheean started life as an exceptionally charming example of an attractive class: the American boys who came to maturity after the war. It seemed, as they grew up, as though nature had been conquered, and material wealth achieved and that free from the greedy ambitions of their forebears, they must establish a delightfully free, civilised society characterised by a new generosity. It was true they all drank like fish, but one felt sure they would always share their drinks. And perhaps that is what they are doing in the New Deal in America to-day.

When his education at Chicago University was over Mr. Sheean had to take up journalism, and set off to be a special correspondent in any corner of the world where trouble was brewing, and thus became involved in the adventures which he describes. The first man wielding great power whom he had to study

> seemed harsh, little-minded and inhuman. I never heard him make a generous statement in political matters and did not believe he was capable of such a thing . . . a shocking example of the results of unbridled patriotism on an average bourgeois mind.

It was M. Poincaré at the time of the occupation of the Rühr; but a tour of the starving districts of the Rhineland, trying to buy food, which was unobtainable for marks, with foreign currency proved only too successful and revealed the fact:

> So there it was: the Germans were no less inhuman than the French, were perhaps more so, because their cruelty was exercised upon their own people.

The first of the men of whom the young correspondent had to write who possessed courage and simplicity and who appeared both a great and noble figure was Abd-el Krim, to whom he paid two very difficult and dangerous visits.

> As the aeroplanes swooped just over the slope in front of us he reached for a rifle and stood half in, half out of the cave, aiming carefully. He continued a sentence he had already begun (something about the irreducible minimum of his conditions for peace) and punctuated it thus: "La independencia (Bang) . . . absoluta (Bang!) . . . del Rif (Bang!) He was in plain view of the bombers, and why they did not get him with their machine guns was a mystery. The sight of such intrepidity against such odds might have served as a figure for the whole war: one man (and lame at that) firing with a rifle at a squadron of aeroplanes.

He found when he went to Hankow during the Chines revolution that Borodin, "a large, calm man with the natural dignity of a lion or a panther," had the same "special quality of being in, but above, the battle" as Abd-el Krim. The Shanghai merchants had shown Mr. Sheean capitalist exploitation in its most revolting form and all his sympathies were aroused by the group working towards a Soviet Republic for China, at Hankow. Madame Sun Yat Sen filled him with the deepest respect and he draws a wonderful picture of her, while an American girl working with her came to be the most important single influence in his life. For to Rayna Prohme the course of life was clear: "her mind and spirit were inflexibly resolved never to lie down under the monstrous system of the world." Therefore she would work for the revolution in China, or anywhere. "Capitalism, imperialism, individualism were more abhorrent than cannibalism but had the same inner character." Mr. Sheean was tempted to follow her example but was keenly aware that he was not prepared to sacrifice his own personal life. The argument which began in laughter in Hankow was resumed during two visits to Moscow, and though it only came to an end on Rayna Prohme's death-bed, it has been going on ever since in Mr. Sheean's soul. It is a debate which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the honest young are engaged in arguing for themselves to-day and Mr. Sheean's experience, though it was extraordinarily harrowing and dramatic, was typical of his whole generation. A curious simplicity of mind continually surprises one in Mr. Sheean. He was deeply influenced by the poetry of English life—by watching Lytton Strachey peering at an owl in a tree in the garden of Christ's—and by hearing Maynard Keynes talking. Yet he never seems to question that the only alternative to such horrors of capitalist exploitation as that "boys go into the coal mines of Lancashire at the age of twelve" is to produce that other social cannibalism of the class war—a cannibalism which has eaten up not only the Russian bourgeoisie and intelligentsia but the Russian peasants among whom Mr. Sheean might have found many village Abd-el Krims. The liberty of Arabs to live without interference from Zionists in Palestine seems to him an absolute right and no one who reads the last part of his book will disagree with him, but he does not seem to regard the slavery imposed by the State on the individual as a horrible form of cannibalism. It is this State cannibalism, exemplified by the mass persecution in Germany, which horrifies Englishmen.

Mr. Sheean shows the same curious simplicity when he speaks of sexual morality. "My testimony for what it is worth is that my generation had practically no moral sense as that term had hitherto been understood. . . . It was very swift this decay." It does not seem to have struck him that this "decay" was the result of changed convictions and the adoption of a practical sexual ethics. It would seem odd that a period of decaying morals should be marked by striking decline in syphilitic infection. Such things show that Mr. Sheean tends to accept his ideas ready-made, but this makes him all the more a perfect representative of his generation, one who stands out from them chiefly because his extraordinary charm of character has given him extraordinary opportunities.

DAVID GARNETT

GREAT ANARCHS

The Destructive Element. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The proper review of this would be another book, for it is written essentially for other writers and belongs to the specialised and controversial domain of modern criticism. It is best to give a summary of the book, which is written round the central problem "what should a writer believe?"

Book is in three parts. *Part One.*—Henry James is a great writer. He created a world of his own. He is also a modern writer. (1) Because he had a modern view; the horror of war, the taint of capitalism, the collapse of standards, are inherent in his work. (2) Because he had a modern technique; the interior monologue of Joyce, the individualism of Lawrence, the classicism of Eliot are all implicit there.

Part Two.—Essays on four individualists, Joyce, Yeats, Lawrence, Eliot, as poet and critic.

Part Three.—And now what to write about?

> What is the modern subject? . . . There are—to put it crudely—three main attitudes dividing contemporary writers. (1) There is the attitude of the writer who consciously expresses no belief. . . . (2) There is the attitude of the writer who expresses a private individualistic belief: this book has until now been an account of such writers. (3) There is the writer who interprets an existing belief or foretells a future belief.

Existing belief: progress, success, examples, Wells, Bennett. Future belief: communism, psycho-analysis, example, Auden, Wyndham Lewis understands this, digression on Wyndham Lewis and on Pity (Wilfrid Owen). Return to theme. Modern writer must be political. Quotes Day Lewis:

> Yet living here
> As one between two massing powers I live
> Whom neutrality cannot save
> Nor occupation cheer.
>
> None such shall be left alive:
> The innocent wing is soon shot down
> And private stars fade in the blood-red dawn
> Where two worlds strive.

Writers and communism: position of Auden, Kafka, Russian writers and manifestos. Author sees no future for literature in communist regime as at present understood.

Conclusion.—There is a consistent tradition of political-moral writing from James onward. A writer must accept it and take his place in it.

Criticism of such a book must be of two kinds, controversial, where the reviewer disagrees, and impersonal, where he suggests improvements. The following points refer to matters of opinion.

Henry James: This, the longest part of the book, is fascinating. Does the author prove his points? I am not quite sure. Can a great writer be unreadable? Yes—for a few structural changes in language and society can make him obsolete in a generation. But is not James largely unreadable through failing as a novelist, even as he failed as a dramatist, because none of his characters came to life? Charlus lives: they perish. Mr. Spender expresses the corollary of the same thought, that if James is unreadable it is because he only wrote about himself. And is he a modern writer? Did he perceive the waste land, the present corruption, the impending collapse of society? I can't decide from the evidence. You will have to read Mr. Spender yourself and compare him with Brooks, MacCarthy's essay and Mrs. Wharton's autobiography. Remember, he could not forgive Flaubert for coming to the door in his dressing-gown. And how much did he influence Joyce? I would not be surprised if he had never read him. And was not much of his writing less subtlety than a kind of nervous literary stammer? Yet how tragic if the sensibility, research and Miltonic love of moral beauty of that great perfectionist became a closed book to succeeding generations. Mr. Spender has brought him back into the arena.

Part Two.—These essays are rather more superficial than the rest of the book. Influenced by Lewis, author is hard on Stephen Daedalus, hard also on Yeats's lack of political-moral subjects, not hard enough on Eliot's astounding postulates on the relationship of Christianity to literary composition and misses also the extraordinary gaiety which underlies the pessimism of Prufrock, before Pound's muddy bardic influence had set in.

Part Three.—The modern subject: the author shockingly neglects the lyrical no-belief attitude, hardly mentioning it again. Yet lyrical-realism, as exemplified by Flaubert, is one of the supremely important constituents of the modern spirit, a huge section of literature can be as unpolitical as painting, and the doctrine of art for art's sake, although discredited by Wilde's bungling, remains one of the most simple and foolproof of aesthetic hypotheses. His neglect of this is due to influence of Wyndham Lewis, whose dumb-ox attack on Hemingway, himself a critic, crops up again. Admirable as Lewis often is, I cannot help feeling that he is about as impersonal as an old cannibal trout in a crowded tank and as dangerous for other fry to make advances to.

The chapters on writers and communism are particularly interesting, the author is well equipped to analyse the work of Auden and Day Lewis and to reveal through them his own dilemma. For one feels that he is by nature a traditionalist, a man of letters, and is in this book drawing away from the revolutionary ideas of his friends. He denies this stoutly by trying to prove that his great seducer, James, is parcel of the revolutionary movement, a man whose life was engaged in the subversion of the bourgeois and whose bust may well be placed in the communist office behind the Geisha Cafe, where surely there will be the least flutter of an eyelid on that fine Roman head!

So much for points of disagreement where Mr. Spender may be as likely right as wrong. As a book *The Destructive Element* suffers from two faults. It is often awkwardly written, arid, inconsequent and hard to follow—what is meant by "Tendencies in themselves are of no literary interest" or "Vulgarity of a kind that we always are conscious of in writers like Flaubert or Jane Austen or Oscar Wilde"? Much of this lack of style proceeds from a fear of egotism and an indifference to how people write as opposed to what they write about. Yet though many can share the same beliefs as Auden, to write a line like "Lovely and willing every afternoon" is something different. More serious is a certain lack of construction; one can't help feeling that many chapters were articles written for publication at different dates and hitched into position with a certain disingenuousness.

But this remains an important book: the author has admirably avoided the tendency to show off, to parade his cleverness; it is the attempt of a patient, intelligent, and deeply interested person to get really underneath the ocean surface, to descend in his diving suit, equipped with his poet's integrity and perception, far below the critic's usual working level. Only that huge convoluted submarine monster that has so blandly and posthumously "got him"—is it going to pull in Mr. Spender or has he succeeded in pulling it out?

CYRIL CONNOLLY

FOUR AUTOCRATS

The Letters of Charles I. Edited by SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Phantom Crown. By BERTITA HARDING. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rajah Brooke and Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Edited by OWEN RUTTER. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Drake. By DOUGLAS BELL. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Although enacted in continents 4,000 miles apart, under very different conditions and with a matter of 200 years between them, the fates of Charles the First of England and the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico have certain fundamental similarities. Both the inheriting Stuart and the transplanted Hapsburg represented dying political orders; both were undone by finance; both suffered from a weakness mortal to autocracy—an inflexibility of temperament and a mediocrity of mind nevertheless combined with courage and dignity; both went into the field against civil enemies, and both were defeated and executed by their conquerors. Tenacity and loftiness were impaired by a fatal ineffectualness. The word martyr in its passive sense defines these rulers for history.

The Stuart seems the more obstinate and tragic figure. Maximilian was courageous, but his adventure in Mexico was so sordid and grotesque, a muddle thrust upon him, that there is an element of fussing futility in his pathetic progress to the firing squad. He stands for nothing but a vague, helpless, aristocratic decency, and his end means nothing when he falls. The firing squad itself made a mess of the execution. Charles, on the other hand, is a clean-cut figure. He has not been pushed into his position; he has been born to it, and on that he takes his stand. The liberal movement had not yet come to distract the conscience of the autocratic ruler. Though, as Sir Charles Petrie says in the introduction to this edition of his letters, Charles had the misfortune to be a Scotsman ruling in London and an Englishman ruling in Edinburgh; though he makes his points with a touch of the metaphysical Scottish lawyer, there is something more than a point of law or race in the question of Divine Right. He throws a sunset light on a departing dogma, and we feel, in the emotional moment, that he is right to argue that a king by Divine Right is a better protector of a people's liberties than a collection of newly enriched landowners and merchants who are squealing at taxation. Sir Charles Petrie, a fervent monarchist, points out that neither side really knew what the true cause of the trouble was—to wit, that the value of money had fallen. But are we to believe that the money disputes with the Commons which had begun under Elizabeth had no more significance than this?

The letters present Charles's life from his own point of view. They are not very revelatory nor very engrossing, and they are not a patch on the letters of Charles II, published earlier in this edition. They open in a pleasant, youthful strain when Charles and Buckingham are in Madrid trying to arrange an impossible Spanish marriage, and with Charles evidently overshadowed by Buckingham. Then we settle down to a correspondence growing in quiet and steady affirmation and reaffirmation of the King's demands, the sober words of a persistent man who is determined "to die like a gentleman" if he cannot "live like a king."

The tragedy of Maximilian in the hands of his American biographer has been turned into a barrel organ tune. The opening

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chapter has a reference to Strauss, who is seen considering the Danube :

> The legendary waters were blue—a deep, rich sapphire blue—and he was wondering what he ought to do about it.

The author then goes on to say that it was not, after all, this Strauss who was responsible. However, once Miss Harding has got over this arch obliquity, she manages to conduct her complicated, crowded and fascinating story with an efficient if rather shocking gusto. It must also be pointed out that she owes a great debt to Count Corti's far better book on the subject—published in 1928—and in some passages has not troubled to do more than paraphrase him. Her own contribution, apart from some *Good Bye Vienna* stuff, is at its best in the descriptions of the Mexican end of the adventure, which she knows well.

About this time an English gentleman was solving the problem of autocratic rule more successfully in Sarawak. A grateful people had made him the first white Rajah, and by all accounts he was governing the little country—which had a small revenue from its antimony mines—with shrewdness, foresight and justice. He had, however, the fortune to have banks in his pocket. A lifetime's friendship with Miss Angela (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Coutts, a woman famous for her philanthropy, enabled him to weather difficult passages. His letters to this very intelligent woman are of moderate interest ; one turns to Mr. Owen Rutter's brief account of the man and to the running commentary for refreshment. James Brooke was one of those happy young men to whom the nineteenth century gave superb opportunities. He was able to appear off Sarawak in his 142-ton schooner with twenty-one guns, just at the moment when the Rajah was hard pressed by rebels ; and the reward for rescuing the Dyaks from tyranny and for opening " the path of religion and commerce " was the Rajah-ship of the territory for himself and his successors. A triumph of private yachting.

A number of the letters are concerned with his attempts to secure English or other European protection for his island, and here we get an echo of Maximilian's complaint : " Is it not strange and sad that everything England has touched on the Eastern Archipelago she has betrayed—Java—Sulv—Bencoolen—Quedah —Sarawak ? " His struggle is a miniature of the general struggle of men who have opened up new lands, for recognition and assistance at home. A quarrel with his nephew, who ruled in his absence in England, brought trouble to his Arcadia, but Brooke put his foot down. Mr. Somerset Maugham, when he was asked about the Rajah's character, answered, " The Rajah's character is noble, but his lack of vices makes it hard for a writer to deal with him. He is more like a statue than a man." It appears that misfortune in his youth had put him apart from other men : his devotion to the people of Sarawak is interpreted as the sublimation of a love which had been made impossible for him by a wound in the genitals.

But Drake is the most ebulliently successful autocrat of them all. Where Charles pleads with the Commons, where Maximilian cuts down entertainment and Rajah Brooke writes to his banker benefactress, Drake goes forth and takes what he wants. After a bad start with mystico-patriot stuff about Drake's drum at the surrender of the German fleet in 1918, Mr. Bell writes an excellent economical narrative. The essential material has been skilfully chosen, the style is clean and spirited, and the little book is a model of its kind.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Life & Letters

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Puritans and Victorians
CRUISING
An Essay on this Popular Sport
OXFORD LIFE AND LETTERS : II
A Stranger at
THE BERLIN CONFERENCE
May Night by
FRANK O'CONNOR
In the Night by
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DENIS IRELAND
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PRACTICAL ECLECTICS

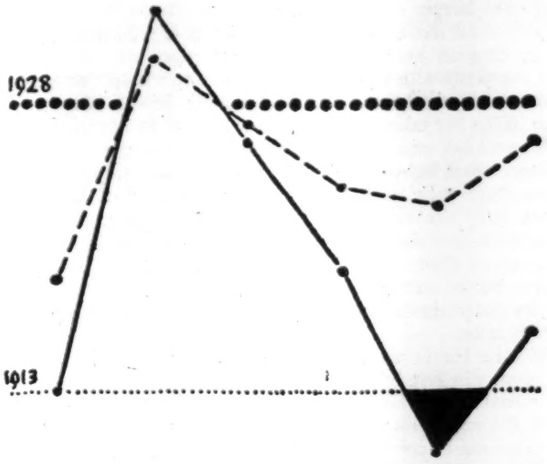
The Way to Wealth. HARTLEY WITHERS. *Thornton Butterworth.* 6*s.*

The British Way to Recovery. HERBERT HEATON. *University of Minnesota Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Of the literature of the depression there is no end ; of the literature of recovery there is already a considerable mass, ranging from the soberest economic analysis of upward tendencies to the wildest super-pamphlet shrieking of The One Way Out. Both *The Way to Wealth* and *The British Way to Recovery* successfully keep the middle way. They are addressed to the general public, and, while the latter deals mostly with what is and the former with what has been and should be, they have much of their ground in common.

Mr. Hartley Withers has a long record of patient, rather humdrum, not very profound, but—once allowance is made for bias—generally reliable writing on economic topics. He is a man of the Right Centre ; capitalist in standpoint, practical in approach, tolerant, even sympathetic, to an adversary, and never descending to score a cheap debating point. He is not lacking in humanity, either ; when touching on that much over-rated period the eighteenth century he can write with a fine indignation worthy of the Hammonds. But, perhaps because he cares little for theories, economic or otherwise, he appears here and there oddly lacking in penetration. In *The Way to Wealth* his thesis is the innocence of capitalism, as such, in causing the late crisis and present depression ; and it follows that the return to prosperity will imply, in his view, the rehabilitation of capitalism and the return of international good will.

As a critic of unorthodox prescriptions for recovery, whether Socialism, Communism or Fascism, Mr. Hartley Withers is kindly but disappointing. He makes a few commonplace remarks on the value of variety, restates the old anti-Socialist case, resting it chiefly on a dread of bureaucracy, and fails, in spite of evidently wide reading, to appreciate the wide elasticity of the idea of socialisation. He leaves almost untouched the real substance of controversy, such as the extent to which under free capitalism technical conditions may bring about a natural monopoly, nullifying the assumptions of *laisser faire* and calling for control ; the effects of inequality of income in causing waste of productive resources and misdirection of energy, and the bearing of capitalist imperialism on war. That capitalism and war are connected he denies, indeed, several times and with considerable warmth. Why, he asks, should capitalists want war ? It is not enough, of course, to say " Ask Mr. Shearer," for armament firms are a minority among capitalists. But the Socialist accusation against capitalism in this connection is not one of deliberate warmongering but of commercial rivalry, aggression and bluff likely to lead to war against the wishes of all parties. Mr. Hartley Withers, though most of what he says is sensible enough, has not faced up to the Socialist case, let alone answered it. Nor has he even examined the criticism of the present machinery of capitalism from the theoretical standpoint of the *laisser faire* economists. Reading *The Way to Wealth* one would hardly even guess that the pre-war world had known the meaning of a cyclical depression.



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On April 27th a third COLLET'S Bookshop came into existence in MANCHESTER, with 13 *Hanging Ditch* as its attractively sinister address. Here, as in all COLLET'S shops, there is a full and comprehensive selection of political literature, using the term in its widest sense to include not only books but also the pamphlets and journals of the multitudinous Labour, Socialist, Communist, pacifist and progressive organisations, where so much of the new thinking is to be found.

In connection with this shop a new departure in bookselling is being tried—a COLLET'S van with display shelves for books and pamphlets. For the design we are indebted to William Holt, the enterprising Yorkshire author, who is peddling his own books with great success. This travelling library is already on the road, covering the district round MANCHESTER, taking its stand in the market place and selling books as if they were racing tips or patent cough cures. On its side it bears the legend "*Stop Me and Read One.*" *It is the aim of Collet's to make it as easy—and as common—for the man in the street to buy books as to buy ices.*

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When writing of the causes and development of the crisis and depression Mr. Hartley Withers is excellent; clear, telling, and, if not original, at all events individual. Other writers have told the same story, for it is a commonsense record of fact, and between a number of such records there is bound to be much similarity. Doubtless in a few years' time there will be much to add to the record; someone will rewrite it, and *The Way to Wealth* will take on the out-of-date look of a last year's weekly. Meanwhile, it is as good a short practical criticism of the depression—seen from the Right Centre—as exists.

In *The British Way to Recovery* we are given a chance to see ourselves as others see us. Much of the matter of Professor Heaton's book, written primarily for the American public, is to English readers a rehearsal of commonplaces; but the space devoted to it is, in its context, far from wasted, as it shows how much of a novelty, to American eyes, are many of the things we take for granted on this side of the Atlantic. We knew that America had no unemployment insurance system; from Professor Heaton's passages on the relief of poverty we are brought to realise how far short America falls even of the standard of social responsibility attained in Great Britain before 1911. Nor does it harm us, when comparing America's New Deal to our own national policies, to be reminded that the American Government has to work through a Civil Service traditionally recruited on the "Spoils System."

On Professor Heaton's showing, the National Government's handling of the crisis has been almost as wildly experimental as President Roosevelt's, though without his courage in financial matters. The Ottawa Agreements in particular come in for censure; a censure good-humoured and sympathetic enough, but not less keen for its dry American flavour. Looking at British foreign trade policy through the eyes of this highly observant outsider, one hardly knows whether to feel more sorry for Mr. Elliot, Mr. Runciman, or Mr. J. H. Thomas. The Kilkenny cats, it seems, enjoyed a greater measure of common agreement than these exponents of cabinet solidarity.

In short, for the American reader Professor Heaton's book is a handy compendium of possibly unfamiliar material; for the English public it affords an opportuntiy of seeing the familiar—perhaps not so familiar as it should be—in a new and entertaining light.

HONOR CROOME

DEATH EVERYWHERE

Death in the Stocks. By GEORGETTE HEYER. *Longmans, Green.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Spanish Cape Mystery. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

For the Hangman. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Tragedy at Beechcroft. By ANTONY FIELDING. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death at the Horse Show. By VERNON LODER *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Crime at Cobb's House. By HERBERT COREY. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Ginger Cat Mystery. By ROBIN FORSYTHE. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hemingway, in his panegyric on bull-fighting, has impressed on us that no matador is worth a rap unless he goes in to kill *over the horn*. There are two awkward horns ever confronting the novelist who goes in to kill his man for our delectation, the dilemma of obviousness and dullness; and although both claim more victims than any bull-ring, it is distressing how many writers make their choice of a slow death on the dull horn. Miss Heyer, however, fresh from her triumphs in the field of historical romance and thrillers, has taken a bold leap and gone straight in over the other horn. Whether *Death in the Stocks* has suffered any damage in the process it is for readers to decide; but whatever their individual judgments may be, I do not think one will disapprove of her having taken the risk. From the second page, where Arnold Vereker is found knifed in the village stocks of Ashleigh Green by the village constable, to the last (where all *my* dreams came true) there is not a tedious moment in the book. The secret lies in Miss Heyer's remarkable gift for portraiture in the round; she makes the wayward Vereker family about whom suspicion hovers not only alive but positively frisky. When one thinks of all those detective dummies going through the motions of sucking-up beer and tapping out pipes for twelve chapters, one overflows with gratitude to any writer whose characters would make sense whether suspected of murder or not. But Miss Heyer mus: keep her talent under some restraint, or her excess of virtue will prove her undoing. Once people in detective stories are made human, their behaviour has a certain consistency which protects them from their authors, who are no longer at liberty to force them into unnatural crimes. Thus the range of suspicion is narrowed, and the author's task of avoiding the obvious solution even more difficult. It is no longer a question of complicating a crime, but of subtilising a criminal; and *Death in the Stocks* for all its entertainment does not quite bring off that triumph of mystification.

If Miss Heyer may be said to offer us a neat little sum in subtraction, the rest of the books on this list provide plenty of unwarrantable additions and wild multiplications to the *n*th power—with the exception of Mr. Ellery Queen, who, I am sorry to say, has stooped to cooking the accounts. *The Spanish Cape Mystery* is characteristic of Mr. Queen in every way bar one. The *milieu* of millionaires and toadies in a luxurious American country house; the body of a scheming gigolo found on the terrace at dawn wearing a black fedora and a Spanish cloak, but otherwise impressively naked; the diversity of motive and opportunity to commit the crime, so that everyone is under suspicion; and the final narrowing down by the course of events until Mr. Queen challenges the reader to spot the criminal, with the assurance that all the requisite data for the solution have been supplied. That is a game we expect and look forward to, but we do not expect to be played false. I should like Mr. Queen (and any scrupulous reader after finishing the book) to turn back to pages 17, 21, 108, and 126, and reconcile them with his conscience.

The Crime Club books for April are not a distinguished trio. *For the Hangman* and *Tragedy at Beechcroft* suffer from overdoing coincidence. Cunning murderers should not have the benefit of a succession of flukes to avoid instant arrest, or they cease to be cunning and are just lucky. Besides this flaw of construction, both books are heavily padded with irrelevance. Yet in spite of all the improbabilities of plot and treatment, it is not too difficult to guess who murdered the tabloid reporter in Baltimore in *For the Hangman*, nor who was responsible for the death at a rehearsal of *tableaux vivants* (sic) of Mrs. Moncrieff and her Major husband in Miss Fielding's book. But I must warn readers that they must make a plan of Beechcroft for themselves, as none is provided, and beware of the villain's "astute, alligator brain."

Murder by alligator is followed by murder by horse. Or is it not murder, but just death by horse? If the quietest hunter at a horse show suddenly lashes out and kills the heir to a rich squire, do you set about arresting somebody on the *Cui bono* principle? That is what the police did at Corton Magna, but I do not recommend it. Horses are notoriously unreliable in the witness-box, and may ruin any case by a kick with the wrong foot.

"Accidents are always happening in a country house in the horse country." So says Mr. Herbert Corey with whom we are still among the horses, but not the variety that kick. For the horsemen of this particular horse country, in a Southern State not a 100 miles from Washington, get all the kicks they require from the terrific cocktails shaken up for them by their negro butlers. So little accidents happen; and a man gets so drunk that in the morning he can't remember whether it was he who shot a couple of girls during the night or some other fellow. Another night it is a couple of men who get run through with swords and knives. It sounds a spirited life, and I looked forward to an exhilarating time alongside the sheriff when he got going with his big boys and his short length of rubber hose. For there was not the least question but a killer was around, and the way to detect a killer in the horse country is to flog everyone likely to have information across the belly with the hose until he talks. But Mr. Corey's length of hose was far too long for me. After the murders the rough stuff becomes meaningless. As the sheriff remarked in one of his more thoughtful moods: "The trouble with a rubber hose is that some times you beat a man until he gets right inventive." By the time Mr. Corey beat up the right man he had already beaten me into insensibility.

The Ginger Cat Mystery disappointed me; I had hoped for murder by ginger cat. Instead of the ginger cat who hardly figures, there is a choice of many dreary suspects who are fruitlessly badgered by two equally dreary detectives. A most plain and unvarnished tale.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

When we were very young!

After reading the announcements in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION we cannot resist the temptation to go all jububilee! If any other excuse is needed, let it be understood that Goss is attempting to make good a noteworthy omission in the list of articles announced. For your sartorial contrast you will have to rely entirely upon the brothers Goss unless "Y.Y." decides that clothes are one of his "Things in General."

Our little picture of 1910 is blurred and, unfortunately, we have not been able to carry out the intention of looking through our old order books of twenty-five years since. However, trusting to memory, we recall the general fact that tailoring was a good deal more simple mainly through being less colourful. Blues (every man had at least one blue serge suit), blacks and greys predominated, with occasional mild excursions into browns. What was sometimes called the "Y.M.C.A. Suit"—black lounge jacket with braided edge and striped trousers—was in common demand. Trousers were "peg-top" style, with an ankle measurement of 15 or 16 inches, as compared with 19 to 22 now. ("Oxford bags" have left their mark!) Outside the States few people knew "permanent turn-ups" to trousers.

The morning coat, with white slip nicely adjusted at the waistcoat opening, had very nearly ousted the frock coat, and hundreds were, of course, seen in the City every day. To some extent they are coming back. Lounge jackets were slightly fluted at the hips, and we still have one customer who insists upon a slit-back.

Womenfolk worked knitted wonders which the males brought to their tailors who, with no little ingenuity, converted the wonders into waistcoats, which were much admired!

We knew nothing then of powder-blue suitings, or green flannels or the enormous range of colourings and designs in sports and lounge suit materials. But, for all that, how little men's clothes have changed!

Sewing craftsmen were plentiful and ill-paid. (Quality in 1910 had not been seriously challenged by mass production.) Now craftsmen are scarce and, as far as we are concerned, relatively well-paid, which is the main reason why Goss clothes in 1935 cost a good deal more than in 1910. Have we to thank THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and such journals for that?

But for their standard Goss clothes are inexpensive. Modest first-floor premises, no expensive shop front and cash arrangements with all customers, old and new, make possible a very reasonable scale of charges. A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good range of thoroughly dependable materials costing no more than Six Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas. Whatever you pay, the standard of Goss workmanship is the same.

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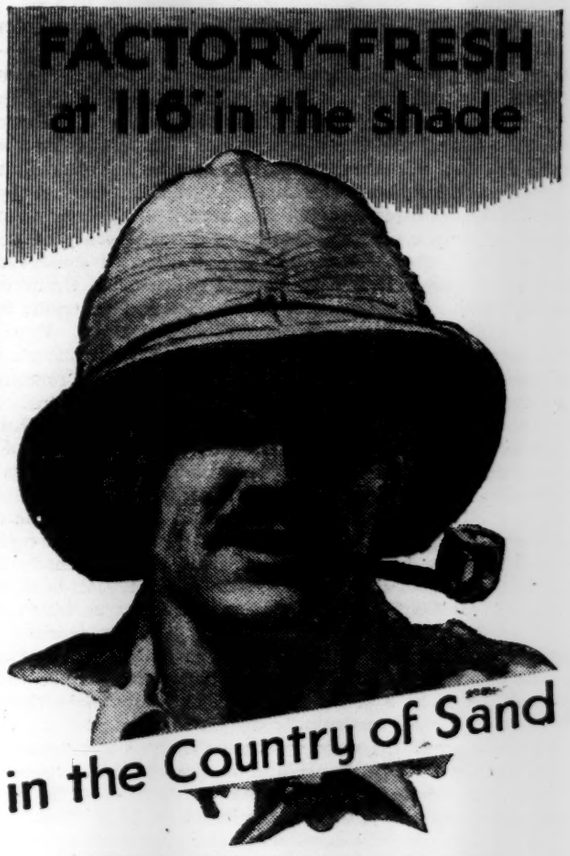

FROM A FLYING-OFFICER IN IRAQ

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If you have read the letter above, you can picture the type of men who smoke this hefty, full-bodied "big brother" of North Country Barneys: men on the really tough jobs overseas who need something unusually satisfying in the way of Tobacco, to inspire and to round-off the work of the day.

Punchbowle is not everybody's smoke; the average smoker should first try *medium* Barneys. Whichever strength suits *your* palate, whether Punchbowle (*full*), Barneys (*medium*), or Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), this one thing is certain:

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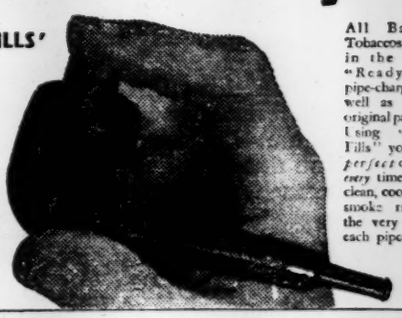

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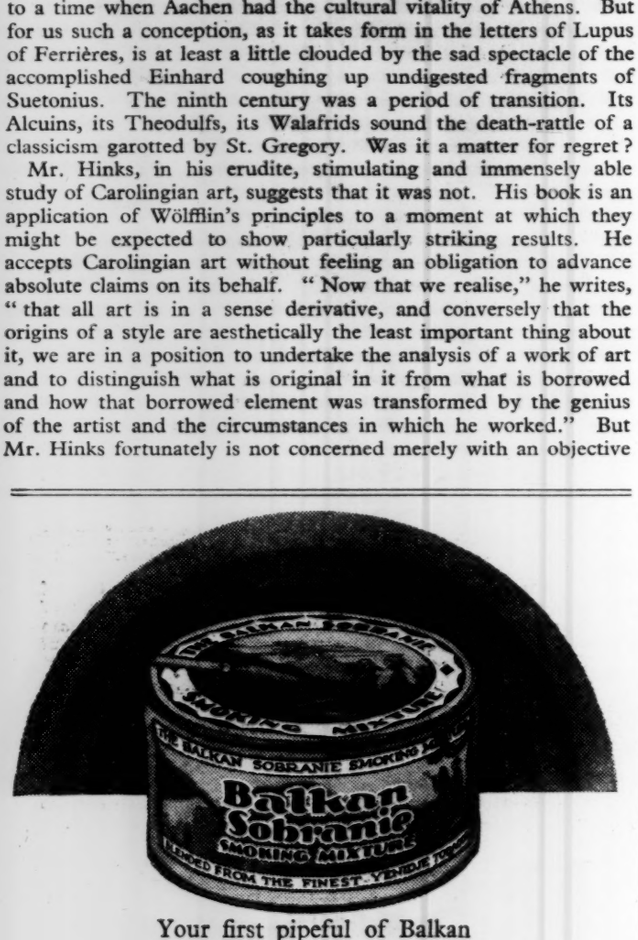
Carolingian Art. By ROGER HINKS. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 15s.

Admiration for the culture of the Carolingian period is a matter of faith rather than reason. It is difficult to consider its activity either in literature or the visual arts as better than subordinate to the dominating political energy it generated. We tend, in interpreting the so-called Renascence arbitrarily as a revival of civilisation in face of an all-infusing barbarism, to forget that it was not always either liberal or disinterested. The narrow ecclesiasticism of a Benedict of Aniane predominated in an epoch which produced a Felix of Urgel, the influence of timid intellectual conservatism like Alcuin's preponderated in a world which could throw up a John the Scot. Theodulf of Orleans fished hidden truths from Virgil; Walafrid in his garden grew little but herbs. Provided one knew one's Isaiah and could make up acrostics, an income was reasonably secure. The Monk of St. Gall looked back regretfully to a time when Aachen had the cultural vitality of Athens. But for us such a conception, as it takes form in the letters of Lupus of Ferrières, is at least a little clouded by the sad spectacle of the accomplished Einhard coughing up undigested fragments of Suetonius. The ninth century was a period of transition. Its Alcuins, its Theodulfs, its Walafrids sound the death-rattle of a classicism garotted by St. Gregory. Was it a matter for regret?

Mr. Hinks, in his erudite, stimulating and immensely able study of Carolingian art, suggests that it was not. His book is an application of Wölfflin's principles to a moment at which they might be expected to show particularly striking results. He accepts Carolingian art without feeling an obligation to advance absolute claims on its behalf. "Now that we realise," he writes, "that all art is in a sense derivative, and conversely that the origins of a style are aesthetically the least important thing about it, we are in a position to undertake the analysis of a work of art and to distinguish what is original in it from what is borrowed and how that borrowed element was transformed by the genius of the artist and the circumstances in which he worked." But Mr. Hinks fortunately is not concerned merely with an objective dissection of style. "The first concern of those who study Carolingian art," he realises, "must necessarily be its content rather than its form. . . . The artistic renascence which was sponsored at the beginning of the ninth century by Charles the Great and his advisers was not primarily an effort of pure aestheticism." Carolingian art was in the main narrative art; it was literal and it was expressionistic. Mr. Hinks in analysing it emphasises adumbrations rather than reminiscences. Eclectic as he was, the Carolingian artist was not merely doing the same thing as his predecessors more inadequately; he was attempting something different. The significant things in Carolingian literature are crude, vigorous verbal juxtapositions, like those of Ermoldus Nigellus, not the three thousand and fifty classical allusions among which they lie buried. The significant things in Carolingian art similarly are forceful, fresh local work like the Utrecht Psalter and the Drogo Sacramentary. Mr. Hinks himself points out the superiority of these "free-lance" to more orthodox performances; they "seem refreshing after long contact with the accomplished but often rather airless products of the palace tradition." One's suspicion is that had the official frescoes at Ingelheim survived they would have had an unpleasantly First Empire tang. To the normal view that the Carolingian synthesis was premature, Mr. Hinks would reply, I imagine, that it was anachronistic.

But though we agree with Mr. Hinks that the mere fact of eclecticism cannot by itself be made the basis of a capital charge, it is difficult not to feel that in his refusal to introduce a discussion of absolute aesthetic values he was wise. The substitution of force for finesse, of audacity for accomplishment, the tendency towards linearisation, the reduction of "the illusionist style of late-antique painting to a series of calligraphic formulae," did not in fact produce a style. Carolingian art, unless we can refer it to the archaistic productions of the central renascence, is an unmeaning entity. It was, as Mr. Hinks on two occasions declares, a cloister art; it developed, that is to say, over a long period regardless of political factors. Is it then justifiable to segregate its manifestations inside a period circumscribed by political events and to select for praise elements which both originated and matured outside it? Be that as it may, Mr. Hinks has produced an absolutely first-rate book.

JOHN POPE-HENNESSY



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The Black God's Shrine. By LOUIS HODGKISS. *Archer.* 7s. 6d.

Storm Warning. By LEONID SOBOLEFF. Translated by ALFRED FREEMANTLE. *Lovat Dickson.* 8s. 6d.

The Descent of the Idol. By J. DURYCH. Translated by LYNTON A. HUDSON. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

Blind Gunner. By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Three Men in the Snow. By ERICH KÄSTNER. Translated by CYRUS BROOKS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Lord, What Fools. By FRANCIS BOON. *Long.* 7s. 6d.

It is a fact within the experience of most novel-reviewers that a second-rate American novel usually makes better reading than an English novel of the same rank. American novelists have the advantage of us in material. To a writer of genius, the material that he handles may be relatively unimportant; but there is no doubt that a certain superficial liveliness, a breadth and diversity of subject-matter, helps to invigorate the work of the merely talented. The English scene is too complex, too limited and yet too overcrowded—its colours are graded through too many subtle and dissolving hues—to be readily assimilated in terms of literature. Every square mile of English territory suggests such a wealth of conflicting principles, yet such a dearth of obvious and dramatic contrasts, that the novelist who attempts to produce an at all comprehensive picture of English life is apt to stop short at literary sentimentalism. Not only have American novelists more to report, they fill the role of reporter with greater gusto. They have—what very few English writers succeed in developing—a sense of contemporary life, a passionate preoccupation with the American continent, a determination to tell its story as they understand it. This determination, shared by writers good and bad, gives a saving interest to a large number of American books.

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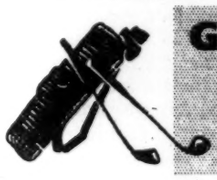

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variety of racial strains that go to make up a single American community. In England, the stratification of classes and races is as solid, fruity and compact as the substance of one of those delicious slices of slab cake that the traveller eats, in the station-buffet at Dover, after weeks or months spent abroad. The composition of American society is still volcanic; successive waves of immigration have not yet had time to lose their individuality in the mass and retain, for a while, their previous racial character. Mr. Adamic relates the history of a Slovenian clan. The Galés have been established in America for three generations; from Galé, they have changed their name to Gale, and at least two members of the family have adapted themselves to the rhythm of contemporary American life. The protagonist is divided between his allegiance to his brother (a strenuous exponent of Americanism during the boom years) and to his grandfather, the old Socialist workman who had been killed at a strike meeting in 1886. The method of the narrative is ingenious. Writing in the first person singular, Mr. Adamic describes the gradual progress of his friendship with Peter Gale. When he meets Gale, after the lapse of almost a decade, the young man—whom he had encountered as a soldier on the Western front—seems to have undergone some destructive transformation. Presently, he learns that Gale, though he wishes to become a writer, is subsidised by his brother, a successful bootlegger and the Californian agent of Al Capone's Chicago gang. Peter Gale has leanings towards the type of Communism that he sees embodied in his cousin, Jack Gale, and in his wife, Mildred, a true-blue American, who has thrown herself heart and soul into the Marxist cause. But Jack is killed; Mildred disappoints him—intellectual Marxism soon turns sour. And Peter Gale, his health ruined, his convictions lost, dwindles away in a melancholy decline.

Grandsons is a very fair specimen of the modern American novel, thoughtful, well documented, now and then, perhaps, a trifle ponderous, as it is produced by young novelists of no fixed opinion but with indefinite Communist leanings at the present day. *A Bend in the Road* is somewhat below standard. Here, again, is a serious effort to describe a certain section of modern American life; but I was slightly prejudiced by the statement that the spirit of the heroine, a downtrodden factory girl, was "like a pale blue butterfly skipping from flower to flower," and by a shade of emotional diffuseness that pervades the story. Considerably more impressive as a piece of social documentation is *The Black God's Shrine*, an English coal-mining novel, which may be compared—not unfavourably—with the recent work of Dr. A. J. Cronin and Mr. F. C. Boden. Like Mr. Boden, Mr. Louis Hodgkiss has worked underground; like Mr. Boden, he would appear to have been attracted to novel writing not so much because he is a born story-teller as because he has a fund of observations and recollections that he wishes to unload. While he is writing of the existence of a coalmine, Mr. Hodgkiss is undoubtedly at his best; but it seems a pity that he should have embarked on a family saga. Ancestral curses do very well in romantic fiction; but Mr. Hodgkiss should have stuck to direct *reportage*.

Storm Warning, I am informed by the publisher's announcement, "has had an immense sale in Russia." The novelist is an ex-lieutenant in the Red Navy; and *Storm Warning* is a vivid account of conditions in the Russian Imperial Navy on the eve of the great war. Certainly, he has written an absorbing book. It tells of a mutiny—easily suppressed—of life in the wardroom, of the friction between upper and lower decks, and of M. Poincaré's visit to St. Petersburg in 1914. The propagandist element is skilfully disguised. Mr. Freemantle has not been very happy in his efforts to render colloquial Russian into colloquial English dialogue; but the book is extremely entertaining and if one excepts a lengthy diatribe against the ill-effects of vodka—pity the poor proletarian bluejacket, condemned to receive a generous tot of raw spirit twice every twenty-four hours!—lively, sympathetic and remarkably readable.

Grandsons, *The Black God's Shrine* and *Storm Warning* all have some pretensions to be regarded as works of literature; but, though the remaining novels have a definite entertainment value, a reader would not feel unduly chagrined should he happen, after reading them in the train, to leave them behind him on the carriage seat. Thus, *The Descent of the Idol* is an exciting story of the Thirty Years War, well translated and full of dramatic episodes. *Blind Gunner* is a good adventure tale. Torriente, the dictator of a small South American republic, meets his match in a girl whom he abducts to his palace. The mob is out for his blood; but the girl sacrifices herself, and Torriente settles down to the enjoyment of another long spell of uninterrupted autocratic power. . . . . Finally, two diverting comic novels. *Three Men in the Snow* by Erich Kästner, author of *Emil and the Detectives*, which deals with the adventures of an eccentric millionaire and a case of mistaken identity, would make a remarkably good film. It is mild-flavoured, lightly amusing, pleasantly facetious; while *Lord, What Fools* exploits the humours of English pedagogy. Mr. Boon follows in the footsteps of *Decline and Fall*; but one looks in vain for a character as memorable as Captain Grimes.

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BOOKS

Week-end Competitions

No. 268

Set by Gerald Barry

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best set of rhymed verses in not more than ten lines designed to accompany the drawing by Low on the cover of this issue.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 10th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 266

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Publishers and even critics often acclaim a book as "filling a long-felt want." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best list of three suggested books which really would do so.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

I am afraid that the answers to the competition will not help any publisher to produce a best-seller. Some competitors have suggested books which already exist, such as the Shakespeare Concordance. A good suggestion was Medway's "A History of European Morals Since Charlemagne (to supplement Lecky's work)" and another was "A History of England," by H. G. Wells. I also like Eryngium's "A Collection of Notes on the More Obscure Passages in the Works of Some Modern Writers." The most popular demands are a comprehensible time-table, and (more difficult) a comprehensible Manual of Political Economy.

The best suggestions were, most of them, books which no publisher could hope to obtain. Best of all, Allan M. Laing's "Shakespeare's Diaries (1601–1611): First sensational publication of the authentic record in the Bard's own hand of his great productive years." Then there is Redling's "Lytton Strachey: a Biography by a Member of the Royal Family" and this from Ça Suffit:

> "Why We Disarmed: an Explanation to the Peoples of the World," by Sir John Simon, Herr Hitler, Dr. Schuschnigg, M. Laval, Signor Mussolini, M. Litvinoff, M. Hirota and President Roosevelt.

Sennacherib sends a good list, but I think the first prize should go to Hubert Waley, though he inadequately describes the improved Baedeker which we long for:

1. "A Dictionary of Domestic Phrase and Fable." The conditions of family life produce a language universal to all families, but widely differing from common usage. Thus the personal possessive adjectives acquire a new function, and it is permissible for the same person to say of the same animal, "*Your* dog has upset the table with the ink on" and "*My* dog has just killed a rat." Again stereotyped phrases acquire whole tracts of significance which extend far beyond their literal content—for example, "Where have you put my . . . ?" is an elliptic phrase implying "I am in an armchair and do not wish to leave it to find my . . . By accusing you of having moved it I hope to make you find it and bring it to me."

2. "A War-proof Atlas." At present Atlases get out of date after every war which involves readjustment of boundaries. If after each map a page were inserted carrying an uncoloured duplicate devoid of boundary-markings anyone gifted with a little artistic skill could keep his own Atlas up-to-date, and thus avoid one of the main objections to other people's wars. Two or three extra sheets might be provided for particularly unstable parts of the globe, such as Europe.

3. "A Series of Impartial Guide-books." The information offered by the handbooks of motoring associations is necessarily too brief and makes no reference to climatic peculiarities, general aspect, and so forth. What is required is a systematised source of topographical information tainted neither by the hasty spleen of the tired traveller, who knows too little, nor the local patriotism of the long-standing resident who cares too much.

And the second prize goes to J. P. Marriott:

1. "Still a Socialist"—a concise explanation, by J. Ramsay MacDonald.
2. "The Arms Trade of Great Britain"—a detailed report by a specially empowered commission, containing verbatim records of evidence, copies of secret correspondence, etc.
3. "The Policy of the Bank of England," by Montagu Norman.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 123.—BLACK HAND

"Well," writes * * * * * (I dare not disclose his real name), "I've joined up with the Black Hand. Joining up was a funny business, as you shall hear.

"'What's your name?' asked the chap I saw at headquarters. 'Smith,' I replied, nonchalantly. He hesitated. 'Smith,' he said. 'You can't be called Smith; my own name is Todger.'

"'What on earth,' I asked, 'has that got to do with it?'

"'Why,' he said, with an air of surprise. 'Didn't you know? Each of us has to have a code number which can easily be remembered by the Chief.'

"This left me no wiser than I was before, but I thought it best not to argue the point. 'Have it your own way,' I said; 'let us say my name is Brown.'

"Mr. Todger beamed with satisfaction. 'That's better,' he said; 'that's much better, Brown, old man! You'll be next on the roll to Dodson.'"

What was Brown's code number?

PROBLEM 121.—ODDS DOGS

This problem is a tricky one. It was composed as a sort of pendant to Problem 104, "Mr. Spotham's Young Ladies."

If d = total number of dogs
t = " " terriers
s = " " spaniels
g = " " dogs seen by Groucher,

the probability that all the dogs seen by Groucher are terriers is:

$$ {}^{t}C_{g} / {}^{d}C_{g} $$

and the probability that all are spaniels is:

$$ {}^{s}C_{g} / {}^{d}C_{g} $$

Whence ${}^{t}C_{g} = 35\ {}^{s}C_{g}$.

Now at first sight this equation seems to be uniquely satisfied by the values

$$ t = 7 $$
$$ s = 3 \text{ or } 4 $$

the solution which (as I anticipated) a number of competitors have submitted. But in fact there is a number of solutions consistent with the data. *E.g.*:

t	s	g
7	3	3
7	4	4
15	13	12
21	19	17
35	34	34
50	16	3

and so forth.

I omit solutions (which I think are excluded by the wording) where Groucher sees only one or two dogs.

Thus the answer to both questions is "No."

PROBLEM 120.—A POSER FROM JOAN

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: C. H. Pickles, 7 Wantage Street, South Shields, Co. Durham.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

SIR HARRY McGOWAN'S SPEECH

THE Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Company was held on Wednesday in London. Sir Harry McGowan, Chairman, presiding, after referring to the death of Sir Max Muspratt and the appointment of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell as a Director, said (in part):

HOME MARKETS

The Report records the continued improvement in demand for the Company's products. On the whole sales were quite satisfactory. During 1934 we carried through a complete re-organisation of our home sales forces, which will, we hope, enable us to give our customers even better service and attention than in the past.

The scheme for the concentration and modernisation of our non-ferrous metal plant was completed in time to enable us to meet the heavy demands of both home and export trade. Considerable progress has been made towards the incorporation in the Metal Group organisation of the Broughton Copper Company Limited. We are quite satisfied with the results of that transaction. Sales of lightning fastener, one of the smaller but interesting products of the group, have been maintained, in spite of the appearance in this country of a number of small competitors. Sales abroad have shown a considerable expansion compared with 1933. An interesting new type of non-metallic fastener has been developed and is available in a wide range of colours.

The scheme of partial concentration which we are carrying out in the Explosives Group at the Ardeer Factory in Ayrshire has progressed satisfactorily. As new manufacturing capacity has become available we have closed down smaller factories elsewhere. The advantages anticipated are gradually being realised. We have supplied our full share of the increased demand for industrial explosives and blasting accessories created by the expansion in the mining industry. In the Alkali and General Chemical Groups production and sales have been maintained at a high level.

Our leather cloth factory has been working at high pressure practically throughout the year. New uses are constantly being found for this excellent material. In the Lime and Cement Group, we have erected additional plant to cope with the demand for lime, and it will begin production shortly. In the cement trade, marketing organisation has been improved, a step which we hope will prove of permanent value to the industry as a whole. The Dyestuffs Industry continues to make good progress and I am glad to record that the international marketing arrangements are working smoothly. We have also developed successfully in the Dyestuffs Group a number of specialised products for agricultural requirements. Our main interest in agriculture, however, lies in fertilizers. Their consumption fell back during 1934, as a direct consequence of the poor condition of home agricultural industry. Until agricultural prices are higher and until resources now devoted to the production of unremunerative supplies are turned over to the production of more specialised and remunerative foodstuffs, we cannot expect the consumption of fertilizers to expand substantially. Much industrial activity in this country rests upon development of housing. Our associated home company, Nobel Chemical Finishes Limited, which manufactures cellulose lacquers, paints, etc., has felt the benefit in a notable expansion of sales. Our interest in the plastics industry, through Mouldrite Limited, continues to make progress.

OVERSEAS MARKETS

Generally speaking, export trade in the overseas markets has been satisfactory throughout the year. Many problems, however, still persist, and in particular there has been little or no alleviation of the currency and exchange regulations in force in many countries.

In China, difficult conditions have prevailed. The country is much in need of outside help in financial matters, and I should be glad to see Great Britain taking a hand, even a lead, in arranging that help, and generally showing a closer interest in Chinese affairs.

Imperial Chemical Industries (Egypt) has been established and is operating satisfactorily.

During the past year a further rapid enlargement of the productive capacity of Japanese chemical works has given rise to increased competition, not only in Japan itself, but in some of our markets overseas. Following my visit to Japan in the autumn of 1933, I arranged for a mission, headed by Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, to proceed to Japan with a view to making arrangements with the Japanese chemical manufacturers to avoid uncontrolled competition with its attendant price-cutting and possibly violent price fluctuations, not only in export markets, but in Japan itself. The mission remained in Japan for over three months, but in spite of protracted negotiations unfortunately failed to find a basis for agreement. This was largely due to the uncoordinated state of the industry in Japan.

I must not disguise from you the fact that if we are to hold our existing volume of trade we must meet firmly whatever prices may be quoted against us by the Japanese. I feel sure that in the course of time Japanese concerns will be convinced that it is in their own best interests to work in friendly co-operation with the manufacturers of other countries, and that a necessary preliminary to such a step is the formation of an association among themselves.

The spirit of economic nationalism is so apparent in many countries to-day that we are being compelled to investigate more closely the desirability of manufacturing a number of our products in overseas markets. An interest has been bought in a company manufacturing leather cloth in Brazil and the possibility of manufacturing other products in that country is being carefully examined. Similar reasons have led to the formation in the Argentine Republic of a company to amalgamate the various interests there of your Company and those of Messrs. du Pont de Nemours, of Wilmington, in the United States of America. For like reasons we have had under examination for a long time the question of manufacturing soda ash in Australia. After careful investigations on the spot, we are now proceeding with plans for the erection of a plant. It has also been decided to install a plant for the manufacture of shot-gun cartridges, etc., near Melbourne.

Again, our Indian Company has made application to the Central and Punjab Governments for certain concessions in the Punjab which will ensure an adequate supply of raw materials in case it should be decided, as the result of investigations now being made, to undertake the manufacture of alkali in that country.

Canadian Industries Limited experienced a marked expansion in business activity, and, notwithstanding considerable reductions in the selling prices of many of its products, achieved a material increase in earnings.

I have recently returned from a visit to our South African Company, African Explosives and Industries Limited, in which de Beers are our partners. My colleague Mr. Wadsworth accompanied me. I am glad to be able to say that our business there is very prosperous. The wisdom of the Union Government in suspending the operation of the gold standard has been amply demonstrated, as the whole country is enjoying a period of great prosperity. It is a fact, however, that that prosperity depends almost wholly on the gold mining industry, as agriculture is so subject to droughts, floods, pests, etc., as to impair the efficiency of that industry.

With the opening up of new areas and great bodies of low-grade ore in the goldfields, coupled with the development of the Northern Rhodesian copper mines, the demand for explosives is increasing all the time, so that we find it necessary to extend our manufacturing capacity. I was able to arrange new terms of contract with the mines, on mutually advantageous terms for an extended period of years. In addition to explosives, at our factory near Durban we are making fertilizers, cattle and sheep dips, etc. Altogether our prospects in South Africa are excellent, and as there are certain directions there in which we, as distinguished from the South African Company, are interested, we have formed Imperial Chemical Industries (South Africa) Limited to look after those interests. In Australia, while the improved conditions of 1933 were well maintained, the heavy fall in wool prices and the decrease in the yield of wheat are occasioning some anxiety. Sales of explosives and of dyestuffs showed satisfactory increases, while those of fertilizers were affected by the growth of the Australian by-product sulphate of ammonia. The demand for the goods of Leathercloth Proprietary Limited showed a substantial increase. The results of the Australian Company's operations as a whole were quite satisfactory.

PROFITS

The net profit for the year, after providing £1 million for the Central Obsolescence and Depreciation Fund, and £615,931 for the Company's income tax, amounts to £6,349,107, showing an increase of £347,502.

Bringing in the £566,139 from 1933, there is a balance of £6,915,246. Your Directors have again appropriated £1 million to General Reserve, that is the same amount as last year, leaving a balance of £5,915,246. We now recommend a final dividend on the ordinary shares of 5½ per cent., making 8 per cent. for the year. The deferred shares, in accordance with the Articles of Association, rank for a dividend of 2 per cent. as against the 1 per cent. These total dividend payments absorb £5,306,795, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £608,451.

The Chairman then dealt with various items of the Balance Sheet and cash resources, and continuing, said:

RESEARCH AND NEW PRODUCTS

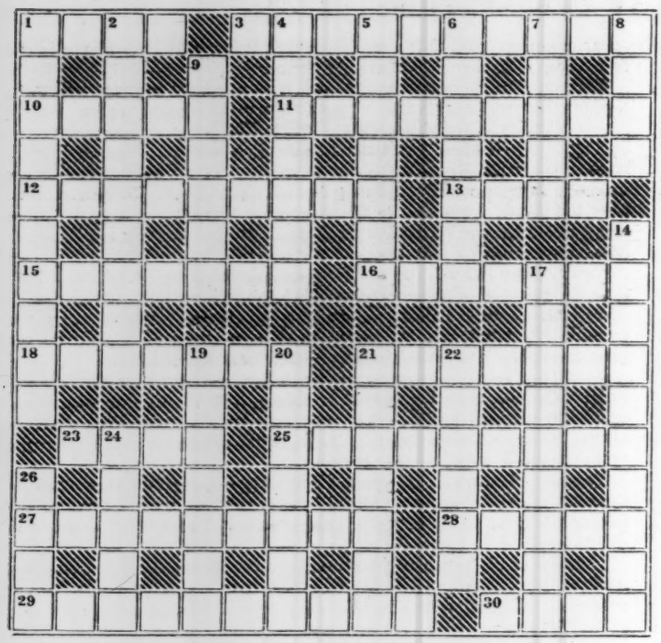
The results flowing from research continue to be satisfactory. We have some hundreds of active research programmes. The greater number aim at increased efficiency in our existing manufactures, or new developments therefrom, but we have also many research sections which are developing groups of products for which there will be a profitable demand.

We have continued to participate in the work of the Council for Research on Housing Construction, the Second Report of which was recently issued under the title "Housing Standards and Statistics." Work of this nature promotes general understanding of many of the

(*Continued on page* 655)

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 269

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Mary Brookes, 35 Kathleen Road, South Yardley, Birmingham

Two days after this 26(*rev.*) and 8(*rev.*) 3, 1 down, and 25 7 to celebrate a 14 years 6, and 13 of people will no doubt appear in 27 fashion when the crowd 18.

ACROSS

1. This bird often flies captive.
3. See above.
10. Touchy part of gunpowder.
11. Stiff description of the Committee of the Portland Club.
12. Opposite of bad feeling.
13. See above.
15. An open air countenance?
16. Subject of a woeful ballad.
18. See above.
21. Design to caress a bird.
23. You could wipe the floor with such a person.
25. See above.
27. See above.
28. All musically.
29. Sound suitable for putting on the roads before 1 and 25.
30. Found amid lepidoptera.

DOWN

1. See above.
2. Diplomatists call it reprisal.
4. This is not the smell of the Wrath of God.
5. Her other name suggests that she goes in for rich food.
6. See above.
7. See above.
8. See above.
9. Performer at an eastern tea dance.
14. See above.
17. Events of a quarter of a century are in 6 films.
19. A pair follow me back.
20. Literary followings.
21. You'll see a fight if you snap back after this.
22. Incorporeal holdings.
24. Command that makes soldiers spokesmen?
26. See above.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	E	T	E	S	T	S	■	B	U	M	M	A	L	O
E	■	A	■	C	■	A	■	A	■	U	■	D	■	V
W	I	N	D	O	W	P	A	N	E	S	■	J	O	E
A	■	T	■	F	■	■	■	K	■	C	■	O	■	R
N	O	R	■	F	A	S	T	C	O	L	O	U	R	S
■	■	U	■	E	■	A	■	H	■	E	■	R	■	T
S	A	M	U	R	A	I	■	A	B	S	E	N	C	E
E	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	P
L	A	T	C	H	E	T	■	G	I	M	L	E	T	S
E	■	R	■	E	■	G	■	E	■	A	■	L	■	■
C	L	O	S	E	S	E	A	S	O	N	■	L	A	V
T	■	P	■	D	■	O	■	■	■	X	■	I	■	A
I	S	H	■	F	I	R	E	E	S	C	A	P	E	S
O	■	I	■	U	■	G	■	L	■	A	■	S	■	E
N	A	C	E	L	L	E	■	M	A	T	T	E	R	S

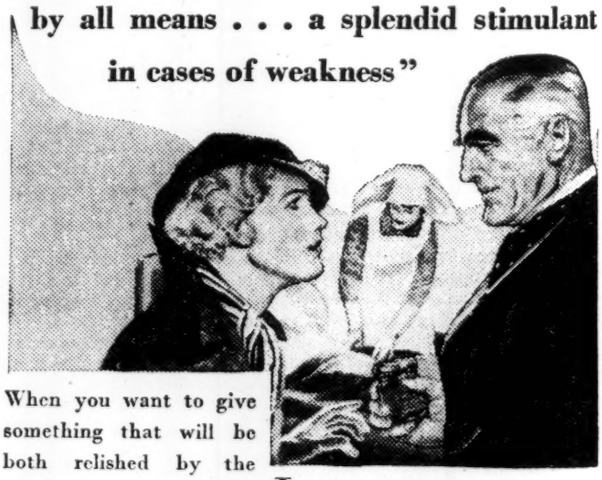
NOTES: Scoffer—*As You Like It*, iii, 5. Elm—Browning's "Home thoughts from abroad."

Will you please send a special Gift to the Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund for The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road London, S.W.3, and so help on its two-fold work—the treatment of patients suffering from Cancer and Research into the causes of this dreadful disease and means for its ultimate cure.

As a memento of the occasion, gifts will be acknowledged by a multi-coloured receipt (illustrated above), size 13in. x 10in., printed on ivory cards bearing the portraits of Their Majesties The King and Queen.

Please address your gifts to The Earl of Granard, The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, marking your envelope "Silver Jubilee."

"What's this you've brought the patient—Brand's Essence? . . . Oh yes, by all means . . . a splendid stimulant in cases of weakness"



When you want to give something that will be both relished by the patient and approved by the doctor . . . something to kindle new strength, and to prompt the return of that interest so necessary for recovery . . . you will think first of Brand's Essence.

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BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE
Brand's revives strength
From chemists everywhere

WHEN YOU VISIT A SICKROOM, TAKE BRAND'S WITH YOU

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

(*Continued from page 653*)

great problems without which wasteful mistakes are more likely to be made. In particular, this Report urged the desirability for enquiry upon uniform and organised lines into the extent of the problems of over-crowding, in order that the building and cognate industries might obtain from such a survey a clear indication of the volume of the work to be carried out during the next few years.

We are carrying out on an estate at Knebworth, Hertfordshire, an interesting and comprehensive programme of research on game conservation, a problem which is of considerable interest to land-owners. We shall be pleased to place at the disposal of anyone interested information arising from this research.

Many shareholders will have seen accounts of the new transparent synthetic resin to which we have given the names "Leukon" and "Perspex," to distinguish the different forms in which it is to be sold. The granular form "Leukon" is now in commercial production and will, we anticipate, find a ready application where there is required a transparent thermo-plastic that can be worked by either the injection or compression technique. "Perspex" represents the resin in its cast and transparent form, and that product is still in the experimental stage. As a corollary to our interest in urea formaldehyde plastics, we are now manufacturing urea at our Billingham factory in sufficient quantities to cover all the home demand.

We have been gratifyingly successful in the development of an almost unique system for the removal of dust, smoke and acid constituents from boiler flue gases.

In association with Imperial Smelting Corporation, British Aluminium Company and Magnesium Metal and Alloys Limited, your Company has also taken part in developing the production in the United Kingdom of metallic magnesium, which is of vital importance to the British Aircraft industry. Magnesium of the highest quality is already being produced, and British aircraft makers are no longer dependent on foreign sources of supply for this essential material so important to-day.

Petrol by Hydrogenation

At our last Annual Meeting I reported the satisfactory developments in our own technical research, our negotiations in connection with the patent and market situation, and our conversations with the Government as the result of which the new project for the production of petrol at Billingham had been initiated in July, 1933.

The satisfactory construction progress made up to our last meeting continued throughout 1934. Up to early this year, some four or five thousand men at Billingham have been directly employed on petrol plant work and, in addition, outside manufacturers have, we estimate, had about 8,000 men in employment in the same connection.

We now anticipate that the new capital expenditure will amount to some £3,000,000, or £500,000 more than the figure I gave last year. On the other hand, the plant will have an output capacity of 150,000 tons of petrol per annum, i.e., 50 per cent. in excess of the original estimate, achieved as you will note at a proportionately small increase in new capital expenditure. We shall still manufacture not less than 100,000 tons direct from coal and any balance from high or low temperature tar oils.

In addition to the new capital expenditure, existing plant at Billingham to the value of about £2,500,000 is being employed mainly on the supply of hydrogen.

The first injection into the plant took place on 7th February and since then we have been steadily producing petrol from creosote oil and low temperature tar. This entry into production within 18 months from the authorisation of the scheme reflects great credit on our staff and workers at Billingham.

Distribution is being handled on our behalf by the Shell-Mex B.P. and Anglo-American Oil Companies, and the first cargo of 300,000 gallons, equal in quality to the recently improved No. 1 grade petrols, left Billingham on the 10th April.

Manufacture of Armaments

A Royal Commission has recently been appointed to enquire into the private manufacture of armaments. As the subject is *sub judice*, it would not be proper to anticipate the findings, but on the other hand, it would not be right did I not deal with the suggestions which have appeared in the press as a result of the United States Senate enquiry that there is something unethical in our association and agreements with the Du Pont Company. Many people seem to be under the entirely false impression that I.C.I. is essentially an armaments firm. Our operations cover a wide field, but only two of our Groups are concerned in the manufacture of munitions. I refer to the Explosives and Metals Groups, which produce respectively military powders and small arms military ammunition. During the last seven years that trade has represented only slightly over 1 per cent. of the Company's total turnover and less than 1 per cent. of the profits of the whole undertaking. It is true that many I.C.I. factories can be readily turned to the production of war material, and that they thus provide a valuable means of extended supply in case of the country's need. But the best interests of your Company are served not by conditions of war, but by conditions of peace. Real and permanent prosperity depends on extended periods of tranquillity and industrial endeavour.

We look forward to the enquiry with equanimity and in the confidence that neither I.C.I. nor any of its constituent companies will fail to show, if such proof is called for, that the history of the Company's trading contains no incident which may be open to criticism. Accusations that we enter into arrangements with others for the purpose of provoking wars are too ridiculous for comment. It is the policy of the Company to collaborate closely with the Government in order to ensure that no action of the Company may cause embarrassment.

Labour and Staff Relations

The harmonious relations between the management and their co-workers of all ranks, of which we are and have every right to be proud, continued throughout the past year. We lose no opportunity of encouraging this common friendship, for everyone has the same interest and pride in maintaining the Company's ideals of high quality, fine service and courtesy to all. A contented body of staff and workers is one of the most valuable assets which any company can have.

Our Medical service continues to progress satisfactorily. It has been extended during the year by the experimental establishment of dental clinics at three of our larger works. This step has been much appreciated by our workers, and, indeed, difficulty has been experienced in coping with the demand for dental work. Looked at by itself, the Medical service involves considerable expenditure, but we know that it brings an ample return in the minimisation of sickness and absenteeism.

Our relations with the Trade Unions continue to be excellent. We appreciate their point of view; and when small differences arise between us, as they must do occasionally in the complex circumstances of modern industry, a common objective contributes much to early and satisfactory solutions.

Accidents to life and limb have been very prominent of late in the social conscience and some comparisons have been drawn between safety on the roads and in the factories. The compliment lies with industry. There is, however, a tendency to forget that for many years attention has been concentrated on safety in industry, and that it is the practice of all good employers to spare no expense and no effort in order to reduce industrial accidents. These preventive measures provide yet another opportunity of contact and co-operation with the workers, and the continuing fall in the accident rate in our works shows how much may be achieved.

Prospects for 1935

So far as the present year has gone, business has been satisfactorily maintained, and from such indications as are available of general conditions in this country I am hopeful that we shall continue to see steady progress. Outside this country, however, affairs are neither so settled nor so promising. The general monetary situation is not stable, as evidenced by the recent devaluation of the Belgian currency. Other weaknesses are apparent in the financial structure on the Continent, and even in America there is still considerable doubt as to the outcome of the struggle between those who advocate monetary inflation, on the one hand, and those who, on the other hand, trust to the restoration of enterprise in general.

Until events have dissolved the uncertainties in these respects, there will be little purpose in entering upon international discussions for the stabilisation of the exchanges. On the other hand, so long as the exchanges are free to move within wide limits, world trade must labour under considerable difficulties. Powerful organisations like our own can take a measure of risk and afford a period of waiting which are beyond the resources of smaller concerns, the measure of whose importing and exporting activities, taken in the aggregate, however, is of considerable importance. I look anxiously, therefore, for a new monetary conference at no far distant date. Nor can one describe the foreign political situation as entirely reassuring. Mutual fears in many lands clog the channels of trade, though tribute must be paid to our Government for its persistent attempts to dissipate the clouds of suspicion and bring about greater international confidence. There are thus too many possibilities of rapid change for good or ill to justify any assurance of the future abroad.

The hopes I expressed last year of an extension of the present rate of new capital expenditure in this country have been partly realised by a greater activity in housing construction, and further progress is to be anticipated from the attack on the overcrowding problem which will commence with the passing of the Housing Bill now before Parliament, from which we shall all benefit. The out-turn of the national finances last year and the Chancellor's budget proposals for 1935 make a reliable background. Free from spectacular devices, they provide good evidence of sure progress. Stability in this country may, therefore, encourage further capital expenditure on projects designed to improve general amenities, such as better water supplies, drainage systems and road development, as well as more active steps for remedial and restorative action in the distressed areas.

In these circumstances at home and abroad, we shall again neglect no opportunity of doing our part. I look forward, therefore, to a reasonably successful year, expecting neither any abnormal setback nor any outstanding extension of our manifold activities.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE SILVER RAMP—BACK TO BIMETALLISM—ROOSEVELT'S SPENDING PLANS—OIL SHARES AND PETROL—"EQUITIES IN DEATH"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has done a lot of silly things during his term of office, and quickly corrected them, but the first really wicked thing he has done, and persisted in, is to play the game of the silver senators. When the Silver Purchase Act was passed in the summer of 1934, I suspected that it was a political ramp. The President needed the few votes of the silver-producing States and bought them. The price paid was $2,600,000,000 worth of silver, for the Act delivered a mandate to the Government "to increase the amount of silver in monetary stocks with the ultimate objective of having and maintaining one-fourth of their monetary value in silver and three-fourths in gold." As this entailed the purchase of about 1,400 million ounces of silver (valuing them at the old mint price of $1.29½ per ounce), I confessed that I regarded it as a joke. As the world's production of silver was only about 160 million ounces a year and as there was no time limit set for the American purchases, I assumed that the President was just fooling the silver senators, and would never implement the Act. But so far I have been wrong. Since June, 1934, the American Government has purchased 413 million ounces, its stock of silver at the end of March being 1,104½ million ounces. Seeing that the American domestic production is only about 50 or 60 million ounces a year, these purchases were made mainly in the world open market by means of the $2,000 million Stabilisation Fund. As a result the world price of silver has risen in less than a year from 1*s.* 7*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.* per ounce. When the Silver Act was passed the American price was 40 cents per ounce. On April 10th, the Treasury announced that it would pay 71.1 cents for newly mined domestic silver, and on April 25th it raised the price to 77.57 cents. Mr. Morgenthau is reported to have said: "The Treasury will continue to purchase newly mined silver until the price reaches $1.29 per ounce, or until the country's stocks attain one-fourth of the monetary backing." This does not suggest that the Treasury will be content to buy only domestically produced silver. Is it possible that President Roosevelt has gone a step farther and persuaded himself that silver must go to $2.26 per ounce to conform with the old bimetallist ratio of 1 ounce of gold ($35) to 15½ ounces of silver? If so, this silver business cannot be a mere political ramp: it must be some form of mental disease which attacks Democratic Presidents.

* * *

Consider the effects of the rise in the world price of silver. The first effect was to restrict the Chinese export trade, and although China protected herself by laying upon exports of silver a tax of 10 per cent. and an equalisation charge equal to the difference between the parity on London of silver and the official rate of exchange of the Chinese dollar, she has not been able to prevent smuggling. Moreover, since October last the Chinese dollar has appreciated by 25% from 16*d.* to 20*d.*, while the Hong Kong dollar, still tied to silver, has appreciated by 50 per cent. Mexico was faced with a worse problem. On the last increase in the American price of silver the intrinsic value of the silver peso (*i.e.*, if melted down) became more than the face value. So, on April 28th, the Mexican Government withdrew all its silver money from circulation. Shortly the same position will be reached with the rupee. When the Indian Government has to withdraw rupees from circulation the American Government will hear something stronger than the gentlemanly protests delivered by Chinese and Mexican ambassadors. It is a strange irony that the silver fanaticism of the Democrats is still fired by the famous phrase of W. J. Bryan: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." What do they care if they crucify a few friendly nations upon a cross of silver? They probably comfort themselves with the thought that American purchases of foreign silver enable foreigners to buy American goods. Mr. Martin Dies, the co-author of the Silver Purchase Act, believes that by raising the price of silver the United States will force the world to come to an international monetary conference and agree upon a world-wide bimetallic currency system at a 15½ to 1 ratio. Let him make no mistake. The American silver mania has postponed stabilisation indefinitely. Can we discuss any stabilisation plan seriously with a nation that is capable of acts of monetary madness?

* * *

Some confusion appears to have been caused by my remark last week that President Roosevelt is attempting to spend $4,800 millions of public money in the next twelve months. I was referring to the Appropriations Bill, which was recently passed with some thirty amendments, and, somewhat loosely, to the twelve months ending June, 1936. The Appropriations Bill provides for the following expenditures:—

Emergency Relief Administration	$800,000,000
Civilian Conservation Corps	600,000,000
Loans and Grants for Construction	900,000,000
Highways, Roads and Elimination of Grade Crossings	800,000,000
Rural Rehabilitation, Water Conservation, Irrigation and Reclamation	500,000,000
Rural Electrification	100,000,000
Slum Clearance and Low-cost Housing	450,000,000
Relief of "White Collar" Workers	300,000,000
Sanitation, Soil Erosion, Reafforestation, Rivers and Harbours, and Miscellaneous	350,000,000

It is clear that the Administration will not be able to spend this enormous sum in fourteen months. In the nine months of the current fiscal year (ending June 30th) it has only been able to spend $2,614 millions of emergency money, and if the total reaches $3,000 millions by June 30th, it will be considered satisfactory. The expenditure of $4,800 millions of public money on emergency work will probably take about 1½ to 2 years. Nevertheless, it will help. And Wall Street, now under new leadership, is inclined to be more bullish. It is a sign of better times that new financing is steadily increasing.

* * *

The first instalment of the anticipated rise in petrol prices has come in the shape of one penny per gallon. No doubt another penny will be added before the summer has gone. I calculate that one penny per gallon should bring in a full year approximately £5½ millions to the petrol trade, of which I would guess the Shell share to be about £1,750,000 and the Anglo-Persian share to be about £800,000. This, translated into dividends on the ordinary shares, means an extra 4½ per cent. free of tax for Shell and 6 per cent. gross for Anglo-Persian (Anglo-Persian being a highly geared share). The market is now inclined to view the forthcoming dividends very hopefully, but why the 1934 results should be affected by 1935 earnings is not clear. I suppose oil shares will soon be classed as armament shares and attract the speculator. Venezuelan Oil Concessions did not increase its dividend as much as I expected (11¼ per cent. for the year against my estimate of 12½ per cent.), but is returning capital to the extent of 6*s.* 8*d.* per share. If the unwanted money which it is returning to shareholders (£2,399,125) has been earning, say, 3½ per cent. in the gilt-edged market, 11¼ per cent. would be equivalent to 15⅝ per cent. on the new capital, so that dividends may possibly be increased to 15 per cent. for the next year. Even so, Venezuelan Oil Concessions shares, being riskier than Shell, seem fully valued at their present price. The following table gives the old and potential dividend yields on these shares at current market prices:—

	Price.	Gross Yield %
Shell Transport and Trading	2 13/16	£3 8 9 on 7½% net
		£4 11 9 on 10% net
Venezuelan Oil Concessions ..	2 5/16 c.d. = 38/7½ ex div. and ex 6/8	£5 3 6 on 15%

Shell Union has just published its 1934 report, disclosing a small loss, but it is clear that if the company had not over-depreciated its properties it would have shown a substantial profit. Indeed, if the properties were written up to their true value the deficit on the balance sheet of $18½ millions would probably be wiped out. An increase of one per cent. per gallon in the price of gasoline is equivalent to an extra revenue for Shell Union of over $12,500,000. As the preferred dividends only require $2,200,000 a year a rise of one cent per gallon in the price of gasoline, if maintained, would enable the arrears of preferred dividends (now $8,800,000 or $22 per share) to be paid off rapidly. The preferred shares at the present price of 79½ *cum* arrears should not be sold.

* * *

Trading is quite active on the Stock Exchange. The speculative investors are leaving the gilt-edged market for the more exciting field of armament shares. These "equities in death" have enjoyed sharp rises and it is impossible to buy the aircraft manufacturing company shares (Hawker, de Havilland and Fairey) to yield more than 2½ per cent on past year's dividends. Rolls-Royce, a shade more respectable, yields only £3 6*s.* 8*d.* at the present market price of 5 3/16. Bargain hunters are picking up Hadfields 10*s.* shares at about par, confident that really good armour-plate is the best protection for investment in 1935.

Company Meeting

EAGLE, STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY

Largely Increased Profits.

Dividend 22½ Per Cent.

PRESIDING at the Annual General Meeting of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, held on Tuesday, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said they were commencing to feel the effects of the general prosperity which was starting to permeate the country and they had every reason to be pleased with the past year's results.

LIFE DEPARTMENT

The Life Department had again shown expansion. New policies numbering 2,497 were issued for sums assured of £2,501,858 gross, of which £97,595 was reassured and £2,404,263 retained. This result was gratifying as, with a trifling exception, the whole of their Life business was transacted in the United Kingdom. Their current Life Assurance and Annuity Funds stood at £5,945,689, showing an increase of £473,000 during the year. The average rate of interest earned on those funds was £4 6*s.* 2*d.* per cent. after deduction of income tax, this being slightly higher than in 1933. The total assets of their Life Department (including both the current and closed Life funds) amounted to £15,800,000.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

In the Fire Department the premium income amounted to £812,660, being £2,371 higher than in the previous year. Although small, the increase was pleasing, as it showed they had consolidated and improved on the gain in income recorded in 1933. The incurred loss ratio was 42.8 per cent., while the ratio to premiums earned was 42.9 per cent. These percentages were respectively 1½ per cent. and 2 per cent. lower than in the previous year. The profit balance for the year was £45,825, or 5.6 per cent. as against 4.5 per cent. in 1933. The Fire Department total Reserve Fund amounted to £425,064 or 52.31 per cent. of the premium income.

ACCIDENT AND GENERAL DEPARTMENTS

In the Accident Department, after providing for claims paid and outstanding and setting aside the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks in connection with the ordinary yearly premium income, a profit of £5,954 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account. In the General Insurance Department the premiums totalled £398,200, an increase of £20,142. The claims paid and outstanding amounted to £114,111, and after setting aside the usual reserve of 40 per cent. in respect of unexpired risks, a profit of £86,448 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account, being an increase of £2,676 on the previous year.

In the Motor Department the premium income amounted to £1,143,047, which showed an increase of £110,300 over 1933. After providing for outstanding claims and the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks, there was a profit of £18,055.

MARINE DEPARTMENT

In the Marine Department they were able to transfer to Profit and Loss Account the sum of £25,000, and the Marine Fund at the end of the year amounted to £374,550, which equalled 147.4 per cent. of the premium income.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The amount credited from the various departments was £185,776; the net interest from investments totalled £181,338; there was £5,449 received in Trusteeship and other fees; the sale of investments yielded a net profit of £60,382, and the Shareholders' proportion of the Sceptre Fund Valuation profits for 1933 amounted to £18,158. In addition, the premiums received on their New Share Issues, after providing for all expenses of the issues, amounted to £32,946.

After providing for British and other taxation and expenses not charged elsewhere, they had been able to pay an increased dividend on the Ordinary Shares of 22½ per cent., absorbing, with the Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends, £184,664 net, these dividends being more than covered by the net interest from their investments, Trusteeship and other fees. Of the balance remaining they had been able to increase their General Reserve Fund by £100,000, while the credit balance carried forward £214,137 showed an increase of £66,327.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

The fully subscribed capital of the Company now exceeded five millions sterling, of which the Paid-up Capital would, in a few days' time, be approximately £3,000,000. Their Departmental Reserves and Carry Forward exceeded £1,850,000, which sum was considerably in excess of requirements. In addition, they had a General Reserve Fund of £1,350,000, so that the financial position of the Company ranked amongst the strongest in the world.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and the retiring Directors having been re-elected and the Auditors re-appointed, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, Directors, Officials and the Staff.

A NEW FIXED TRUST

Continuity of Management Assured

Selective Fixed Investments Ltd. announce the formation of Units A and B of the SELECTIVE FIXED TRUST. This new Fixed Trust makes provision for the expense of carrying on the Trust during its term of 15 years. The Managers have made arrangements to set aside a proportion of the service charge to create a Fund, to be operated under the supervision of the Royal Exchange Assurance as Trustees, which will provide for the continuance of the management and distribution of dividends.

A sum of approximately £20 can be spread over 26 securities, and a sum of approximately £40 can be spread over 52 securities; and by investing in Units A and B the investor will receive regular quarterly dividends.

The average yield on Units A and B at 19/9 per sub-unit, based on cash dividends and recurring bonuses only, and exclusive of special capital bonuses which may not recur, is approximately

£4.17.6%

The securities contained in Units A and B are as follows:

UNIT A

London Brick Co. & Forders Ltd.
Metropolitan Housing Corporation Ltd.
Great Western Railway Co.
London Transport
Burmah Oil Co., Ltd.
Gas Light & Coke Co.
Imperial Continental Gas Association
Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co., Ltd.
Debenhams Ltd.
J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.
Marks & Spencer Ltd.
Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd.
British Oil & Cake Mills Ltd.
Ranks Ltd.
Wiggins, Teape & Co. (1919) Ltd.
J. & P. Coats Ltd.
Patons & Baldwins Ltd.
Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Ltd.
Geduld Proprietary Mines Ltd.
New State Areas Ltd.
Sub Nigel Ltd.
Amalgamated Dental Co., Ltd.
Amalgamated Press Ltd.
Montague Burton Ltd.
Callender's Cable & Construction Co. Ltd.
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

UNIT B

London County Freehold & Leasehold Properties Ltd.
The Wall Paper Manufacturers Ltd.
London Midland & Scottish Railway Co.
Apex (Trinidad) Oilfields Ltd.
South Metropolitan Gas Co.
Wankie Colliery Co., Ltd.
Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.
International Tea Company's Stores, Ltd.
J. Sears & Co. (True Form Boot Co.) Ltd.
F. W. Woolworth & Co. Ltd.
Lever Bros. Ltd.
Manbré & Garton Ltd.
Scribbans & Co., Ltd.
Spillers Ltd.
Tate & Lyle Ltd.
Distillers Co., Ltd.
Arthur Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd.
British American Tobacco Co., Ltd.
Carreras Ltd.
Consolidated Tea & Lands Co., Ltd.
Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co., Ltd.
Ashanti Goldfields Corporation Ltd.
Brakpan Mines Ltd.
Nourse Mines Ltd.
Daily Mail & General Trust Ltd.
Sangers Ltd.

SELECTIVE FIXED TRUST CERTIFICATES

Sub-Units can be bought or sold through any Bank or Stockbroker. Full particulars may be obtained by writing for booklet D.19 to:—

The Trustees:

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

The Bankers:

BARCLAYS BANK LTD.

The Managers:

SELECTIVE FIXED INVESTMENTS LTD.

53, New Broad Street, London, E.C.2.

Telephone: National 0352. *Telegrams:* Fixtrust, Ave, London.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. The Flying Trapeze. W. & S.
ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.
APOLLO. Hyde Park Corner. Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM. Dancing City. W., Th., Sat.
COMEDY. Shall We Reverse? Tues., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.
DUCHESS. Cornelius. Wed. & Sat.
GLOBE. Youth at the Helm. Tues., Thurs.
HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Thurs., Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.
PHOENIX. "Family Affairs." Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.
ROYALTY. "Frolic Wind." Thurs., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Man of Yesterday. Tu., Fri.
SAVOY. The Aunt of England. Thurs., Sat.
SHAFTESBURY. Let's Go Gay! Th., Sat.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Thurs. & Sat.
WHITEHALL. Viceroy Sarah. Tues. & Sat.
WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat

OPERA AND BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE
FESTIVAL OPERA HOUSE,
Lewes, Sussex.
FOR FIVE WEEKS.
Mon., May 27th, to Sat., June 29th.

1935
MOZART FESTIVAL

In German.
"DIE ZAUBERFLOETE."
†May 27th, 31st; June 8th, 11th, 14th, 20th, 25th, 29th.
Vane, Radford, Beckwith, Schonning, de la Porte, Mitchell, Ludwig, Morgan Jones, Ziegler, Brownlee, Henderson, Kassan, Andresen.
"DIE ENTFUEHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL."
June 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th.
Kocova, Eisinger, Nash, Ludwig
Andresen, Childs.
In Italian,
"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,"
June 6th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 27th.
Mildmay, Rautawaara, Helletsgruber, Radford, Willis, Nash, Morgan Jones, Fassbaender, Henderson, Dunlop, Stear.
"COSI FAN TUTTE."
May 30th; June 1st, 5th, 7th, 13th.
Souez, Helletsgruber, Eisinger, Nash, Fassbaender, Brownlee.
SUNDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.
June 9th.—Soloist, Rudolf Serkin.
June 23rd.—Soloist, Adolf Busch.
FRITZ BUSCH.
CARL EBERT. HAMISH WILSON.
The management reserve the right to make any unavoidable changes in the cast or repertoire.
†OPERA PRICES: Stalls £2 0s. 0d.
Subsequently: Stalls £2 and £1 10s. 0d.
SUNDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.
Stalls, 12s. 6d.
Patrons making application direct to the management for the reservation of seats for four or more Operas are entitled to a reduction of 5 per cent.
Box Office now open. Ringmer 28 and North 1139.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525.) Sat., May 4 at 8.
Subs. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
An ERIK CHARELL Production
JUNE CLYDE. IVY ST. HELIER. FRED EMNEY.

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

APOLLO. Ger. 2663. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HYDE PARK CORNER, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
GORDON HARKER. J. H. ROBERTS.

COLISEUM. Temple Bar 3161. Evgs., 8.30.
Weds., Thurs. & Sats., at 2.30. Extra Mat., May 6th.
ANDRE CHARLOT'S Musical Play,
DANCING CITY,
with LEA SEIDL, FRANCO FORESTA, & JAY LAURIER.

COMEDY. Evgs., 8.30. TUES., SAT., 2.30.
ANDRE CHARLOT & ROBERT NESBITT present
JUNE in the New Musical Show,
SHALL WE REVERSE?

DRURY LANE. 8.15. 1st Mat., Wed., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS. Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
RALPH RICHARDSON in
CORNELIUS, by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
OWEN NARES,
ADELE DIXON, KAY HAMMOND in
YOUTH AT THE HELM.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
VERA PEARCE, WYLIE WATSON, BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
"FAMILY AFFAIRS."

QUEEN'S THEATRE. (Ger. 4517).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.

ROYALTY. (Gerrard 7331).
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
"FROLIC WIND," by RICHARD PRYCE.
Based on Novel by Richard Oke.

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GLADYS COOPER & RAYMOND MASSEY present
WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA,
a Farcical Comedy by KEITH WINTER.
YVONNE ARNAUD with FRANK LAWTON.

ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE. (Tem. 1443).
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS in
MAN OF YESTERDAY.

SAVOY. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
HAIDÉE WRIGHT in
"The AUNT OF ENGLAND."

SHAFTESBURY. Evgs., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
RONALD ADAM presents
STEVE GERAY and MAGDA KUN in
LET'S GO GAY!

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Comic History with Music.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
Closed Coming Week, *RE-OPENING TUESDAY,* May 14th, with
OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice,
by William Shakespeare. FOR 3 WEEKS.
7s. to 1s. 6d. incl., all bookable.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Sat. & May 9th, 2.30.
IRENE VANBRUGH in
VICEROY SARAH.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
A new angle on Child Psychology,
"SON AUTRE AMOUR" (A), with
brilliant child actors, and Hitchcock's
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (A).

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday, May 6th, for Seven Days
HAROLD LLOYD in
MOVIE CRAZY (U), and
the Gaumont-British JUBILEE FILM.
Also PERRY-TILDEN TENNIS SHORT.
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham 2285.

THE HALL, 1 Willoughby Rd., High St., Hampstead.
SUN., MAY 5th, 6.0 & 8.30 p.m.
A Lecture by BERTHOLD VIERTEL on
"RUSSIAN SCREEN TECHNIQUE"
with the film **MOTHER** (Pudovkin). 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BIRMINGHAM Repertory
Evenings 7.30. Mat., Thurs., 2.30.
The Third Alternative. By D. C. Whetnall

CROYDON Repertory
Evenings 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Marigold. By Roy L. Allen Harker & F. R. Pryor

HARROGATE White Rose Players
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
Theatre Royal. By G. S. Kaufman & E. Ferber.

LIVERPOOL Repertory
Evenings 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Hamlet. By Shakespeare.

MANCHESTER Repertory
Evenings 7.30.
Bella Donna. By Robert Hichens.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Admirable Crichton. By J. M. Barrie

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

ART GALLERY

FRANK DOBSON'S new carving "PAX" and other sculpture, also 1st Exhibition of Works by CHAGALL.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq., 10–6, Sats. 10–1

RESTAURANTS

THE RED LION RESTAURANT, 1 Red Lion Square, provides excellent food, good service and a peaceful atmosphere. Telephone: HOL. 7721.

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY not keep up your languages? French, German, Spanish, conversation tables—led by expert teacher—held every Friday, 8–10. Single classes, 2s. The term, 21s. 326 King's Road, S.W.3.

THE SEX EDUCATION CENTRE exists to provide information, books, lectures, personal consultations and guidance to expert help on all aspects of sexual experience. Director, JANET CHANCE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, W.11. Open Mondays 7-9 p.m. during May-July. Programme sent on request.

ARTIFICIAL SUN CENTRE. German lines, both sexes. Central, club-like. Halls for games and exercises. Ultra-violet insolation. Also Sun Park. Large Swimming Pool. Fifth season. Write Box 665, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Lecture on "THE PROTECTION OF VESTED RIGHTS IN INTERNATIONAL LAW" will be given by MONSIEUR GEORGES KAECKENBEECK, D.C.L. (President of the Abitral Tribunal for Upper Silesia) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on WEDNESDAY, 15th MAY, at 5 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, Sunday, May 5, at 11. MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: ESCAPES FROM ROUTINE. 7, DR. STANTON COIT: AUGUSTE COMTE: THE PIONEER OF NON-THEOLOGICAL RELIGION.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, May 5th, at 11 a.m.: JOHN KATZ, B.A.: "WORLD RELIGIONS AND WORLD CHAOS." 6.30 p.m., Concert of Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome. Last concert of season.

COMMITTEE against Malnutrition. Public Meeting 8 p.m. Thurs., May 16th, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Chairman: PROF. V. H. MOTTRAM. Speakers: MISS E. RATHBONE, M.P., DR. JANET M. VAUGHAN, PROF. J. R. MARRACK, DR. J. NEEDHAM. Tickets at 1s. from Sec., 19c Eagle St., Holborn, W.C.1.

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN on "CHANGING INDIA." St. Edmunds, Lombard Street, Thursday, 9th May, at 1.10 p.m.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, May 5th at 4 p.m., International Tea Party (India). 6.30, Mr. Donald Grant, B.A.

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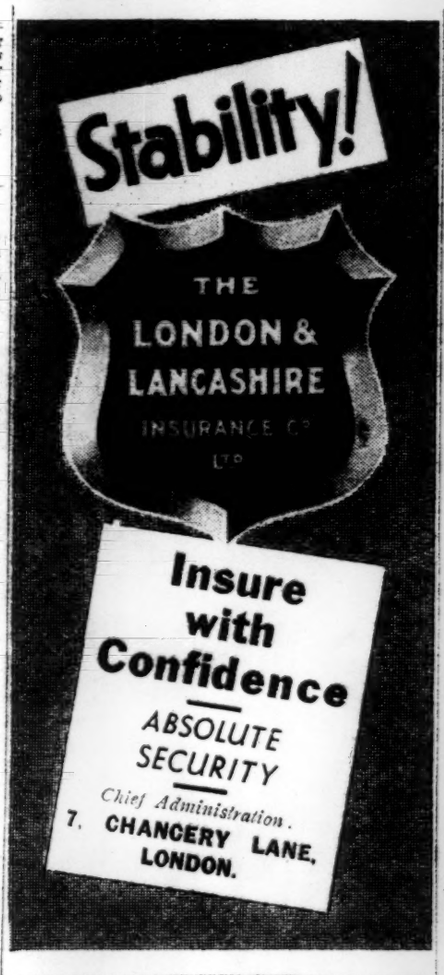

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